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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1882.—Vol. LXXIII.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 10, 1891.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



THE LATE GENERAL GEORGES ERNEST JEAN MARIE BOULANGER.

Born at Rennes, Brittany, April 29th, 1837. Died by his own hand at Brussels, September 30th, 1891.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL and RUSSELL B. HARRISON.....Publishers.
JOHN A. SLEICHER.....Editor.
BERNHARD GILLAM.....Art Department.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

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UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for 13 weeks	1.00

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$5 a year. This paper is for sale by Messrs. Smith, Ainslie & Co., 25 Newcastle Street, Strand, London, W. C., England; Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France. Cable address: "Judgeark."

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

NO political State campaign this fall has attracted wider attention than that in Ohio. It is hard-fought, and an honest dollar is the main issue. The candidate for the governorship on the Republican side has a world-wide reputation as the leading protectionist in the United States, and the chief instrument in drafting the McKinley bill. The Democratic candidate is the present incumbent of the executive office. We have asked the Hon. Thomas McDougall, an eminent Republican of Cincinnati, and one of the brightest writers and speakers for the Republican cause, to contribute an article for these columns on the political outlook in Ohio, and we will present his views on the campaign as the leading editorial in our next issue. Not only will the Republicans of Ohio be interested in what Mr. McDougall has to say, but members of both parties generally will read his review of the situation with profit.

WHEAT—OUR FINANCIAL SHEET-ANCHOR.

WHEN dealing with the silver question at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Manchester in September, 1887, the writer called the attention of the members of the economic section to the fact that it had not been the competition of the wheat of India exported to Great Britain on a silver basis which had lowered the price and reduced the rent of English land while giving to the people of Great Britain cheaper bread, but that it had been the rapidly-increasing crops of wheat of the United States exported on a gold basis, which had been the main controlling element in the case.

I then remarked that the wheat then sold (1887) in London at about thirty-four shillings a quarter yielded as good a profit to the American farmer as the wheat sold in London in 1873 at fifty shillings per quarter had yielded before silver had become depreciated. This startling fact was due to the reduction in the cost of raising the wheat through the application of machinery—notably the self-binding harvester—coupled with the reduction in railway charges and ocean freights.

Straightway the London Times bristled with letters from correspondents denying my statements, even going so far as to rebuke the British Association for permitting statements so wide of the truth being imposed upon them.

On my return to America I entered upon a close investigation of the matter, in order to verify my statement. My proofs were conclusive that had I named thirty shillings a quarter, or even twenty-eight, in place of thirty-four, I might have proved an equal profit to the American farmer in 1887 as compared to what he gained at fifty shillings in 1873.

The reduction in the cost of planting, reaping, milling, and sacking between these two dates had been five shillings per quarter or more. The reduction in the charge for elevating and handling had been one shilling or more. The reduction in the railway charge had been eleven shillings per quarter or more; and the reduction in the steamer charge had been five shillings, making a total of twenty-two shillings reduction in the cost of production and transportation. Since 1887 there have been further reductions.

These proofs of my statement were placed in the hands of the editor of the London Times, but were never published in that paper. They were published in this country in *Bradstreet's*, and in England in other papers than the *Times*.

It is doubtless true that the fall of the price of wheat in the last two or three years preceding this has been greater than any further reduction in the cost or charges, and a time had come when other crops might have been substituted for wheat, or when the production of wheat might not have been expected to increase, except under the very favorable conditions of the present year. The present season, previously unequalled in its favorable conditions, has, however, yielded the largest crop of wheat ever grown, without any considerable increase in the area of land planted, and this huge crop is coming to market in face of disastrous conditions in Europe almost approaching those of a famine.

The point in question in our commercial relations with Europe is not so much whether the people of Europe require the wheat. That is admitted. How they may be able to pay for it is a question more difficult for them to answer than for us to deal with.

In the present article I desire to call attention to the potent influence of a single invention applied to wheat production in bringing about the resumption of specie payment in this country on the 1st of January, 1879.

Prior to the year 1876 the wheat crop which was reaped by machinery was still bound into sheaves by hand. In the year 1876 the self-binder was successfully attached to the reaper. Each self-binder displaced five to seven men who had been previously required to follow each reaper in order to bind the sheaves.

The cost of binding by hand had been five to six cents per bushel; the self-binder reduced that charge to about one and a half cents per bushel, if I am rightly informed. At the time that I made the investigation, one hundred thousand self-binding reapers were made and sold every year. The twine required to bind each wheat crop then exceeded thirty thousand tons per year. I am informed that the twine required by the crop this year will exceed fifty thousand tons. How many reapers will be called for I am not informed. But suppose that the crop were still to be bound by hand, how could it be saved? Where could be found the army of men to be put in the field for only sixty or ninety days' work?

It was the automatic tying of that knot upon the self-binding wheat harvester that enabled this country to resume specie payment on January 1st, 1879.

Prior to the year 1876 the wheat crop had exceeded but once 300,000,000 bushels; it had been running for several years at a range from 230,000,000 to 300,000,000. In 1877 the crop increased to 364,000,000; in 1878 to 420,000,000; in 1879 to 448,000,000, and in 1880 to 498,000,000. This excess of product, which we could not consume ourselves and which could not have been saved without the self-binding harvester, was all exported. The value of this export of wheat more than corresponds to the gold imported in this period, on the basis of which specie payment was resumed by the United States. So much we owed to science and invention at that time. Wheat was then our financial sheet-anchor.

Again, in 1891, our wheat crop has come to the rescue of our financial system. The proposition to open the mints of the United States to the free coinage of silver dollars of the present standard without change in the present act of legal tender, first demanded by the representatives of the silver mines, then supported by the votes of a nearly solid South, startled the whole country. Confidence and credit were, for the time, destroyed. Great enterprises which would have commanded capital, especially in the South, were brought to a standstill by this almost suicidal movement. That danger has been surmounted; the solid sense of this country, both South as well as North, has been aroused. Legislators—members both of the House and the Senate alike—of both political parties have discovered their error, and will remove the cause of the danger which they so barely escaped.

Under this state of uncertainty which existed during the early part of the year the gold which was needed as the basis of credit began to slip away from us. Had not the condition of the country been very solid and strong, a financial crisis could not have been evaded or avoided.

That danger is past. Workmen, as well as bankers, merchants and farmers, now alike require that the money of the people shall be of the best kind. They demand that it shall not be put by law in the power of any man to force upon another, in payment of wages, earnings, or any other dues—or for wheat, corn, or cotton—any kind of dollar that is not equal to the best, or any kind of coin of which the bullion will not be worth as much after the coin is melted as it purported to be worth in the coin itself. That is the only standard of true money.

Under these present conditions of assurance of true money being maintained, confidence and credit are being rapidly restored. The country was never so full of the elements of wealth and welfare as it now is. Once more the wheat crop is becoming the sheet-anchor by which our financial stability will be re-established. Our huge crop will all be required and even more. The prosperity of the farmer is assured, and the delusion with which the advocates of bad money attempted to mislead him has been stamped out of existence. Woe to the politicians who deceive the farmers, when they are found out!

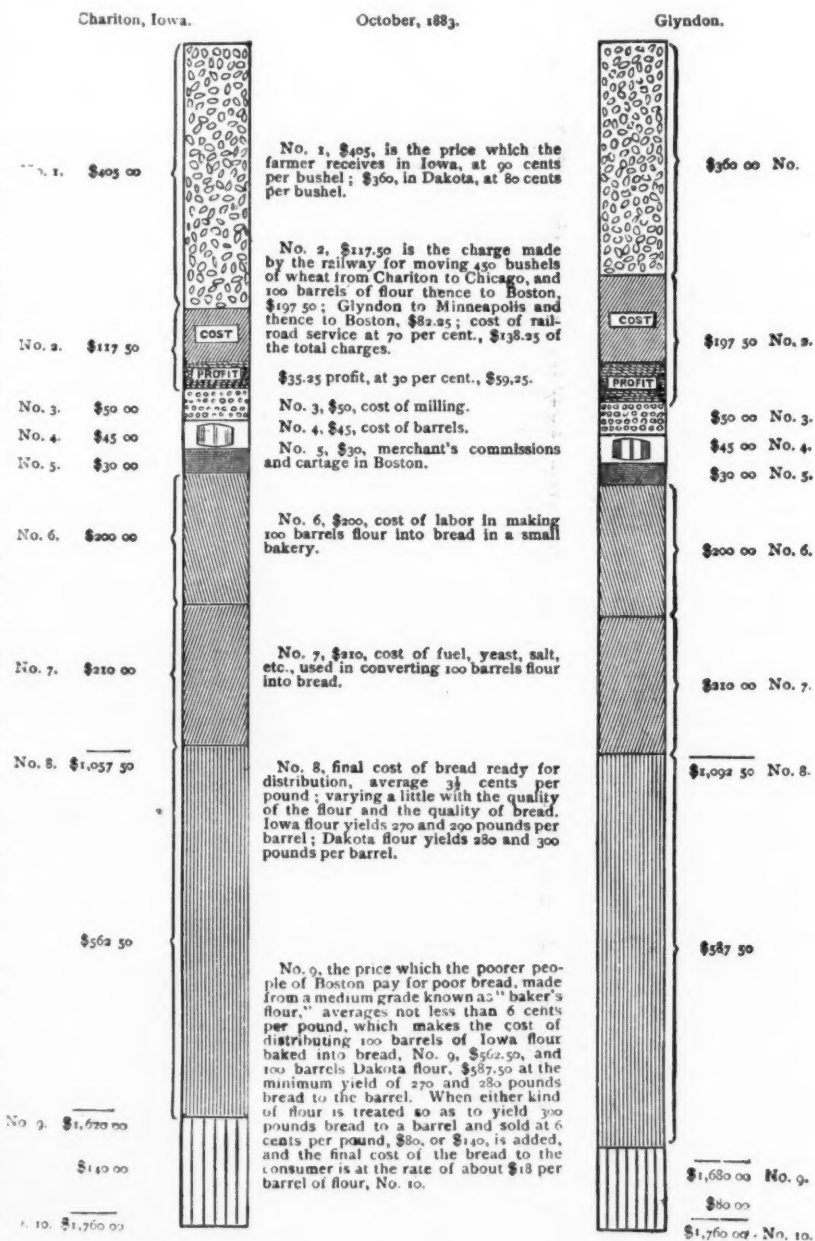
The farmer may again, in 1891, attain the prices which he once received in depreciated paper a few years since, but he will now be paid in coin or its equivalent that will never be worth less than one hundred cents on a dollar. The wheat-grower may now gain all the benefit in the reduction of the cost of carrying his wheat to market and in the expense of handling the grain if he will but call for the repeal of the injurious legislation by which the owners of elevators and railways are now obstructed, both through State and national interference, thus preventing them from doing the maximum service of which they are capable.

In 1883 I chanced to make an analysis of the cost of a loaf of bread to the consumer. At that time the farmer in Iowa was receiving about ninety cents per bushel for wheat, and in Dakota about eighty cents. At these prices, on which the farmers were then thriving, a pound of bread did not exceed in cost three and one-half cents at the baker's oven in New York or Boston. It then cost nearly as much to distribute the bread after it had been baked as all the other elements entering into the price,

These other elements are all depicted in the diagram which is given herewith.

But it must be remembered that there is not a single charge upon the bread from the time it leaves the field until it is delivered at the mouth of the baker's oven—pictured even in this diagram—which has not been reduced between the years 1883 and 1891.

Analysis of cost of a loaf of bread.—I am prepared to admit that the railway has been a most important factor in distributing food among the people of this and other lands, for without it thousands might starve; but I shall also prove to you, in the analysis of the loaf of bread, that it has become relatively the factor of least importance, at its present cost of all the items which constitute the cost of bread to the consumer; therefore, before you undertake to regulate the railways and thereby to reduce the price of bread, meat, and fuel, you must give your attention to vastly greater elements in their cost, which may be more readily made subject of statute law than the railway serv-



ice can be, if either kind of work is to be taken in charge by the State.

I shall take as my unit four hundred and fifty bushels of wheat to be converted into one hundred barrels of flour and then into bread, and I shall present to you all the elements of the cost of this bread, both in figures and by graphical illustration, as follows:

What makes the price of bread in Boston? Four hundred and fifty bushels of wheat are required to make one hundred barrels of flour. In the left-hand column it is assumed that this wheat has been raised near Chariton, Iowa, and milled in Chicago. In the right-hand column it is assumed that the wheat has been raised near Glyndon, in Dakota, and milled in Minneapolis.

It will be observed that if the railways earn as profit thirty per cent. of their charge, their profit on each barrel of Iowa flour, moved about 1,500 miles, is only 35½ cents, and on each barrel of Dakota flour, moved nearly 2,000 miles, only 59½ cents. In point of fact, the actual profit on grain and flour carried long distances is much less than thirty per cent. of the charge, and the actual profits for the above distances do not probably exceed twenty-five cents per barrel and fifty cents per barrel, respectively.

The railway charges are now so small that it does not leave you much of a margin to work upon and to save, but you cannot fail to notice that the charges made by the bakers and grocers is very large, and gives you an ample margin for legislative action. If you reply that all attempts to regulate the price of bread have failed, may I be permitted to rejoin that all attempts to regulate the charge of the railways have also failed, except, perhaps, in Belgium, where the Government has once at least been obliged to prohibit the private corporations which own a part of the railroads from lowering their charges, lest the Government railroads should be unable to compete with them.

Edward Atkinson

BOSTON, MASS., September 24th, 1891.

A TEST OF HONESTY.

MR. HENRY CLEWS, an experienced New York banker and a well-known writer on financial topics, agrees with the statement made in our financial column weeks ago by "Jasper," that President Harrison's Albany speech was largely instrumental in starting the recent advance of prices in the stock market. Mr. Clews says that the President's declaration in favor of an honest dollar was taken by eastern financiers, as well as by European financiers, as a public proclamation that no free-silver bill would receive the President's signature. It was, therefore, a proclamation in favor of honest money, as it gave due notice to the world that this Administration would not lend itself to any effort to debase our currency or to deal dishonestly with the creditor class.

A fair test of the honesty of the American people is now being made. It is on trial in Ohio. It must shortly be on trial in every State in the Union. The test comes on the question of an honest dollar; whether the savings bank, the lender of money on a mortgage or on any other security, the borrower of every kind, shall meet his obligations honestly and squarely; whether he shall give as good a dollar as he took.

The issue in Ohio stands, unfortunately, as a party issue. The Republican party pledges itself in favor of an honest dollar whether of silver or of gold—a dollar worth one hundred cents every time and everywhere. The Democratic party favors the free coinage of silver, which means that the Federal Government shall call seventy or eighty cents' worth of silver a dollar, just as it calls a fraction of a cent's worth of copper, when minted into a copper coin, one cent; or a few cents' worth of silver, when put into a ten-cent piece and stamped with the Government's authority, as worth ten cents.

The worthless copper coin may pass at its face value and the cheap fractional silver coins may pass at the value the Government fixes upon them, but combined, the silver and copper fractional currency aggregates but a few millions of dollars. The demand for it is limited and the Government controls both the demand and the supply. The proposition of the silver mine owners is that the Government shall take all the silver they produce and all the silver the world produces, and coin and stamp with a dollar-mark what sells as bullion in the markets of the world for between seventy and eighty cents. Not only this, but that the Government shall compel every producer, every laborer, every borrower and lender, to use this coin at its face value and not its real value.

The Republicans of Ohio have set their faces sternly against such a proposition. The Republicans of New York have followed their example. The Democracy in both of these States, according to the statements of their platforms, are for free silver coinage. The American people can afford to be honest. From the selfish standpoint honesty is the best policy, particularly for a young nation which has been a heavy borrower, and which may in time continue to be a borrower. No nation has profited by debasing its currency, and the inevitable result in every instance of a debased currency has been national bankruptcy and widespread destruction of public and private interest.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

THE rapid fall in the stock market occasioned by the failure of the Missouri Pacific Railway to declare its customary quarterly dividend was an event not unexpected in Wall Street. It was particularly to be expected on such a rapidly rising market as we have had. The slump was charged to the cunning hand of the Goulds. It was said that George Jay Gould was short of the market. Unable to stem the rising current by ordinary operations, he did it by one of those *coups d'état* for which his father was long since famous.

Of course all who suffered by the sudden decline, which came with such a shock to the market, felt like turning and rending the Goulds, *pere* and *fils*, and a boycott of the Gould stocks was threatened; but this ebullition of passion will pass away, like others that have always followed similar shocks to Wall Street.

The man who gambles in stocks must expect occasionally to have his plans most rudely upset. The master-hands at the game will not give up their winnings unless compelled to. Anything is fair in Wall Street, as in war.

We have heard much about young George J. Gould as an operator of no account in Wall Street; that he was not to be compared with his father, and would be utterly unable to fill the latter's place. After the *coup* in Missouri Pacific, speculators will respect Son George. They have found that he is a good deal more like his father than they thought he was or wished he would be. Evidently he is a chip of the old block, and it is well to keep out of his way.

STATE, NOT FEDERAL, ISSUES.

SENATOR FASSETT is a leader worthy of the name. He is making such a canvass for the Governorship of this State as has not been made before in many years. In his splendid speech to a magnificent audience at Carnegie Hall, September 22d, he invited the support of every one, regardless of party, who opposes the "Tammanyizing" of this great State; of every one who is tired of misrule, corruption, and public debauchery in New York City. "State issues this fall and Federal issues in 1892," said Mr. Fassett.

This is a platform that fits the occasion. If the good people of New York, regardless of party, have a sincere desire for better government not only in New York but in our other municipalities, they will give Mr. Fassett and his associates their earnest support. From every part of the State murmurs are heard of discontent against Tammany control. The loudest complainants are Democrats who protest against the iron hand which Tammany has laid upon the Democracy. These murmurs are growing into an earnest protest against the extension of its power, and against intrusting the management of State affairs to a ring of politicians made up largely of illiterates and irresponsible.

It is enough this fall for the Republican party to make a

fight against Tammany Hall and Tammany Hall methods, and on a platform of State issues. Let it be publicly known that the warfare, so far as the Republican party is concerned, is against public corruption and against a monstrous political oligarchy, and thousands of Democrats who long for the time when Tammany Hall shall be crushed will throw aside every partisan consideration and vote for a change.

Mr. Fassett's strength has been growing from the hour of his nomination. With a manly presence, a natural, unstudied eloquence, and an unmistakable earnestness in speech, he is making a campaign of extraordinary force. The people of the State are being roused as they seldom have been in a State canvass, and the signs of the times indicate that Tammany Hall is at last to meet its Waterloo.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

THE participants in our amateur photographic contest will be glad to hear that we have arranged with Miss Catherine Weed Barnes, of Albany, N. Y., one of the best equipped and most successful amateur photographers in the State, to give us an article on "Practical Hints for Amateur Photographers," which we shall print in the issue in which we announce the awards in the contest. Miss Barnes has been extremely successful with her pictures, and is widely known as a practical amateur whose work has ever been highly commended. The hints that she will offer will, therefore, be looked for with much attention. We know they will be full of instruction.

We have printed the list of competitors from week to week, and it remains only to add the following for the week ending September 28th, 1891:

S. Tudor Strang, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. G. Griesmer, Chicago, Ill.; Irvin White, Chicago, Ill.; W. E. Lucke, Jersey City, N. J.; W. L. Hatch, Fredericksburg, Va.; H. C. Stansbury, Washington, D. C.; Edw. F. Whitmore, Putnam, Conn.; Miss Clara Briggs, Battle Creek, Mich.; E. Clarke, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Edgar R. Lowell, Baltimore, Md.; O. O. Whedon, New York City; Geo. B. Veit, New York City; A. Helmer, Buena Vista, Cal.; Miss May Hume, San Antonio, Tex.; D. A. Stensson, Pittsburg, Pa.; L. O. Beem, Greenville, Ohio; E. B. Hoover, Springfield, Ohio; W. O. Morse, Binghamton, N. Y.; A. C. Moore, Indianapolis, Ind.; F. T. Harmon, Chicago, Ill.; P. Hammersmith, Milwaukee, Wis.; M. E. Jensen, Norwich, Conn.; Mrs. J. C. Kendall, Norfolk, Conn.; Franklin Edson, Jr., New York City; Mrs. F. W. Jenness, Corning, N. Y.; C. E. Reynolds, New York City; Jas. S. De Crow, Quincy, Ill.; Miss Katherine Brower, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Jas. G. Darley, Evanston, Ill.; J. B. Dabney, Lexington, Va.; Mrs. John Bickler, Salem, Iowa; Edmund Locke, Toledo, Ohio; Jas. W. Traver, St. Augustine, Fla.; Miss L. G. Ten Eyck, Castleton, N. Y.; F. B. Richardson, Woburn, Mass.; W. M. Ostrander, Pittston, Pa.; W. B. Barber, Fortuna, Cal.; C. Bloomfield, Philadelphia, Pa.; H. F. Fuller, New Rochelle, N. Y.; W. E. Blackburn, Anthony, Kan.; James Gagen, Virgin Lake, Wis.; F. L. Johnson, Concord, N. H.; W. A. Hoyer, Denver, Col.; W. J. Baker, New York City; G. J. Smith, Burlington, Vt.; Ernest J. Smith, Burlington, Vt.; H. Y. Wemple, New York City; Orlin M. Sanford, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Fannie E. Elder, Chicago, Ill.; Gustave Voigt, Washington, D. C.; W. G. Dryer, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; C. Utter, Newark, N. J.; A. A. Haskell, Elm, Tenn.; R. M. and E. T. McKinzie, Rahway, N. J.; Geo. O. Baker, Comstock, N. Y.; Miss Catherine Weed Barnes, Albany, N. Y.; Clarence B. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.; Alfred Stieglitz, New York City; Jno. F. Dumont, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Geo. F. Greene, Natchez, Miss.; Chess O. Mason, Brenham, Tex.; W. L. Hatch, Fredericksburg, Va.; C. M. Sherwood, Wilmington, Del.; Fred. W. Drewry, Winnipeg, Manitoba; J. Church, Jr., High Falls, N. Y.; Geo. D. Banks, Corona, N. Y.; H. English, Toronto, Canada; Haldane Williams, Pittsburg, Pa.; W. H. Crane, Cincinnati, Ohio; W. F. Lichtenberger, New Harmony, Ind.

A POWER IN POLITICS.

THE power of the Union League Club in the politics of New York, as well as in the politics of the United States, is undeniable. In more than one instance it has been decisive in the settlement of an important election. Its membership, while largely made up of Republicans, also includes a number of mugwumps and some Democrats. It is interesting, therefore, to note precisely what its attitude is, and no doubt will continue to be, respecting political campaigns and the part it is to take in them.

At the recent splendid reception given to the Hon. J. Sloat Fassett by the club, its honored president, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, took pains to carefully define its attitude. He said:

"The Union League Club never attempts to dictate to the party its platform or its policy; it never presents candidates for conventions to nominate; it seeks neither to control by seats upon the floor nor committees upon the outside. But it has standards of the qualifications necessary for aspirants for public trusts. These standards are very high. They are character, ability, and demonstrated capacity for public service. If the nominee is unworthy, no relationships to party will secure for him the endorsement of the Union League. (Applause.) This club knows no factions, no sections, and has no partisanship for leaders within the party organization."

This is the most accurate statement of the club's position in reference to politics that has ever been given out and it comes in an authoritative manner from the lips of its president. That the Union League Club should take such an active interest in the success of the Republican State ticket in New York is but another proof of the widespread enthusiasm with which the party, regardless of past divisions, supports it.

Mr. Depew's speech, aside from what he said about the attitude of the club, bristled with the strongest and most convincing arguments in favor of the election of Mr. Fassett and his associates. It is a speech that would count for many thousands of votes if it were placed in the hands of the voting masses.

Something about Mr. Depew's clear-cut, logical, and forcible presentation of facts always gives to it a wonderful charm; and it is remarkable that, despite his constant speech-making, what he says is uniformly clever and superbly good.

FIGHTING THE TIGER.

THE amazing statement is made in the address to the voters of New York just issued by the County Democracy of New York City, that "the Democratic party of to-day in this State, like the Democratic party in those dark days prior to 1871, is absolutely dominated and controlled by a combination between Tammany Hall and the Canal Ring."

Those who recall "the dark days prior to 1871" referred to, and remember the astounding revelations concerning the iniquitous Tammany ring and the politicians who controlled it, from Boss Tweed down, will appreciate the significance of the County Democracy's utterance. When the Democracy of New York itself assails Tammany Hall as a dangerous and corrupting influence, who shall deny it?

Evidences multiply that there is a popular uprising in the Democratic ranks of New York City and throughout the State

against the Tammany tiger. There can be but one result. It means the defeat of the tiger ticket. It begins to look as if Mr. Fassett's election was secure, and that the only question is one regarding the size of his majority.

THE PLACE FOR THE SCHOLAR.

THE scholar is gradually but surely making his way into politics and his influence is always wholesome and good. The Democracy of Massachusetts have placed a young and brilliant college graduate in the executive chair, and the Republicans of that State have just nominated a young college graduate for the same place with every indication that he will be elected.

The Republican party of New York has nominated a college graduate for the Governorship who is making a winning canvass, and in other directions we find that young men of education and talent are springing up to activity and prominence in the field of politics.

It is a good sign. The scholar has neglected politics too long, and has left a clear monopoly of the field to the saloon-keeper and the ward-worker. The consequences have been most deplorable. We see it in its worst development in our municipalities, and particularly in the large cities.

If the scholar has entered politics, and his lead is followed, as it naturally will be, by the business man and the thoughtful and intelligent workingman, the misgovernment which prevails in many large cities will speedily become a matter of the past.

God speed the scholar in politics! God knows we need him.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Mr. William H. Von Glazer, who has been doing outside photographic work for this paper, is no longer connected with this establishment and the publishers give due notice accordingly.

THIS is verily an age of unbelief. Professor Winschied, of Leipsic, a member of one of the most noted Catholic families of Germany, has become a convert to Protestantism because of his conscientious scruples against supporting a church that would lend its sanction to the exhibition of the Holy Coat in the Cathedral of Treves. He says he does not believe in the authenticity of the garment as that of the Saviour, hence his scruples. There seems to be on every side in this age a disposition toward independence of belief. We have had many evidences of it in the Protestant Church, and the case of Dr. McGlynn, and others, in the Catholic Church, are familiar with the public. This may indicate "the signs of the times" that Professor Totten is looking for.

SINCE a young society belle in Baltimore has set the example of joining the chorus and appearing on the stage in silken tights, we may expect that sundry other foolish-minded and indiscreet young women in various cities and in various circles of society will emulate her example. It is a commentary on the natural inclinations of mankind and womankind, that bad examples are followed much more generally and readily than good examples. If a young man in one of the first families enters the pulpit we do not hear of a general desire on the part of other young men in his circle to follow the fashion he has set. But a young lady has only to join the chorus, go upon the stage, elope with her father's coachman, or do some other foolish and indiscreet thing, to have the telegraph bring the news that her example has been followed by many others. In all this we utter not a word against the stage. The legitimate drama will always have its fascinations, and perhaps the ballet will have its attractions; but in our judgment there is a decided choice between the two for a pure-minded woman.

NO BETTER or cheaper food for the masses can be provided than is furnished by the products of the ocean and the great lakes. Mr. E. G. Whitaker, of the New York Commission to Revise and Codify the Fishing and Game Laws, makes the timely suggestion that more attention should be paid to the propagation of food-fish such as sturgeon, white-fish, salmon, trout, shad, and herring. A conference is shortly to be held between the Fish Commissioners of New York and those of several adjoining States, to revise and codify the fish and game laws with Mr. Whitaker's suggestion in view. The almost total disappearance of white-fish from Lake Ontario, where they were formerly found in great plenty, and the disappearance of salmon and sturgeon from the Hudson River, with the diminution of the shad supply in both the Hudson and the Connecticut rivers, all tend to show that proper precautions have not been taken for the preservation of our inland fisheries. It is hoped that the proposed conference of State Commissioners will lead to the enactment of statutes that will restore to the masses a cheap supply of a very excellent and wholesome food.

WHILE the population of the United States from 1867 during a period of twenty years increased sixty per cent., the number of divorces granted during that period shows an increase of 157 per cent., or 328,000 divorces during the period mentioned. It is notable that 316,000 were granted on the petition of the wives, and that the duration of the married time averages between eight and ten years. These facts were presented in an address by the Hon. Carroll D. Wright before the Unitarian Conference at Saratoga recently. Mr. Wright showed that only sixteen States require the keeping of marriage records, and that the laxity of the marriage laws puts a premium on divorce. He thinks divorce could be restricted by making marriage more difficult, and he would do this by making the guilty parties to indiscreet and hasty unions amenable to criminal law. He also favors a change in the law so that the State should be a party and no *ex-parte* divorces should be granted. The increase in the number of divorces and the frequent exposure of the manner in which divorces are obtained under the lax regulations of some Western States gives special interest to Mr. Wright's suggestions. It is not creditable to our law-making powers that they have treated this question with so little consideration.

THE NEW OCCUPATION OF OKLAHOMA.

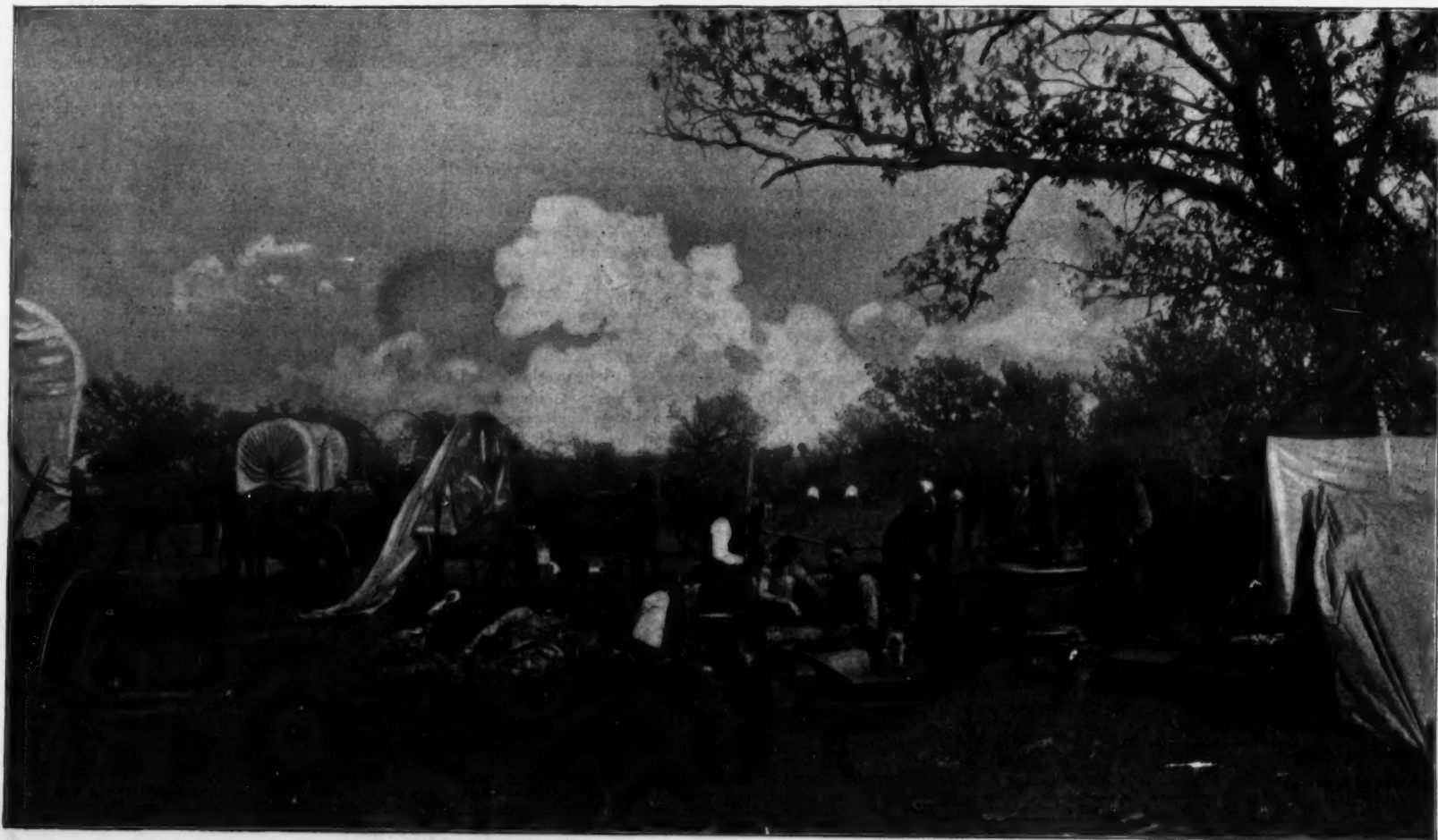
THE formal opening to settlement and homestead entry, on the 23d of September, of the newly ceded lands of the Sac and Fox, the Kiowa and Pottawattomie Indians, in the eastern part of Oklahoma, was marked by scenes of excitement fairly rivaling those which characterized the opening of the other portion of the Territory over two years ago. The total area of the lands opened to settlement amounted to about 1,101,559 acres. A portion of this Territory is adapted to the growth of excellent crops, while some of it is practically worthless. The Indians do not lose all their lands, each man being reserved an allotment. Thus the number of homesteads available for actual settlement is estimated at about 5,000. For two or three weeks before the opening, the borders of the new lands were lined with home-seekers, the number being estimated as high as 50,000. On the day of legal entry over 20,000 rushed pell-mell across the border, being followed more slowly by others. Of course a large number of the invaders were disappointed, and the return tide has already set in. A military force was present at the more exposed points for the purpose of preserving order, and few scenes of violence are reported, although trouble between the whites and the blacks gathered by the negro colonization society, at one time seemed imminent. It is a curious fact that among those seeking homes in the new Territory were some five hundred women, and it is said, to the credit of American gallantry, that these enterprising persons were treated with marked courtesy by the rough element with which they came in contact.

The opening, on the 28th, of the Government town site of Chandler was marked by much greater disorder than the general occupation five days previously. A great crowd of 3,000 men and women, each intent upon securing a lot, had gathered about the boundary of the town. Some were on horses and others on foot, stripped of all superfluous clothing, each carrying a sharpened stick with name and notice of lot taken thereon, all strung to the highest pitch of excitement. When, at noon, the signal was given a wild and confused mass of men and women, with the shouts and curses of maniacs, swept on horse and on foot over the town. The line was one mile long on each side and a half-mile long on each end. As the angles of the advancing lines met, many riders were unhorsed and hurled pell-mell into the road. Several persons are said to have been killed, while others received severe injuries. As there are half a dozen claimants for some desirable lots, a good deal of trouble may yet ensue.

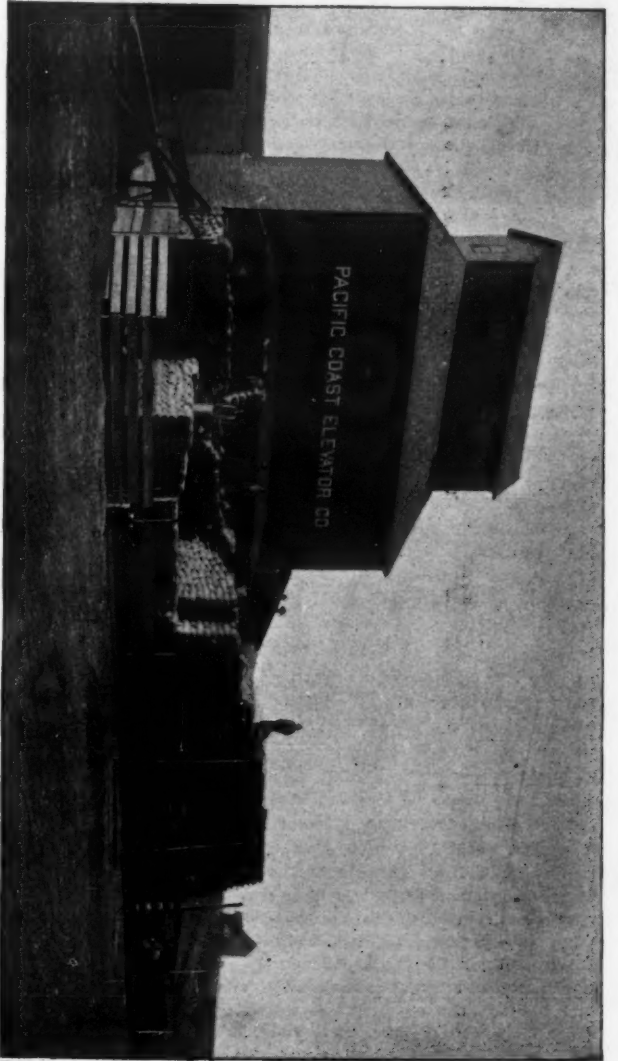
Of course the location of some of the new towns has been followed by the appearance of gambling-houses and saloons, many of which have been running wide open in defiance of law. These and other evils will possibly continue until the conditions of society become fixed and permanent.



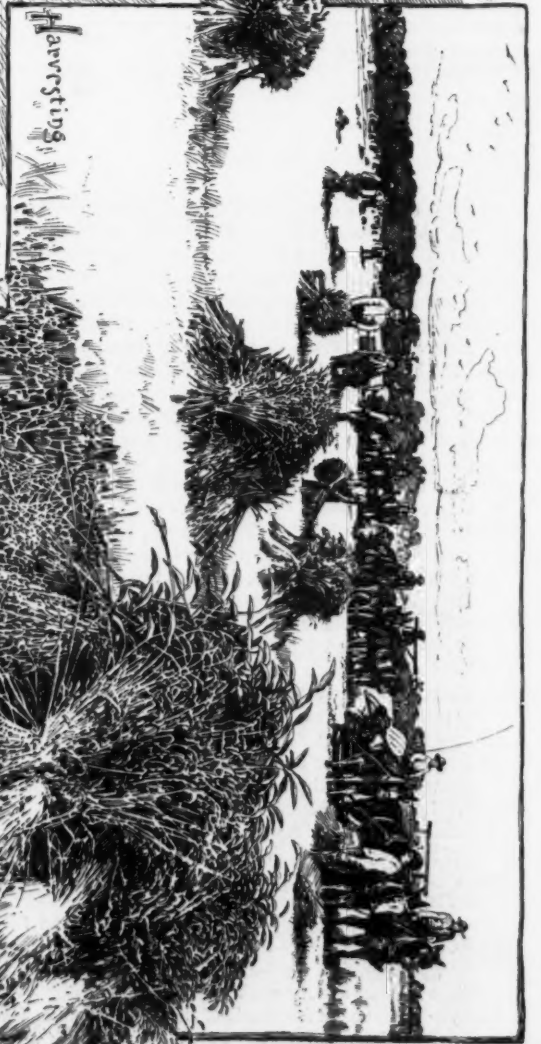
FRANK LESLIE'S ALASKA EXPEDITION.—THE DOG TEAM OF THE SLEDGE PARTY ATTACKED BY A TIMBER WOLF. [SEE PAGE 156.]



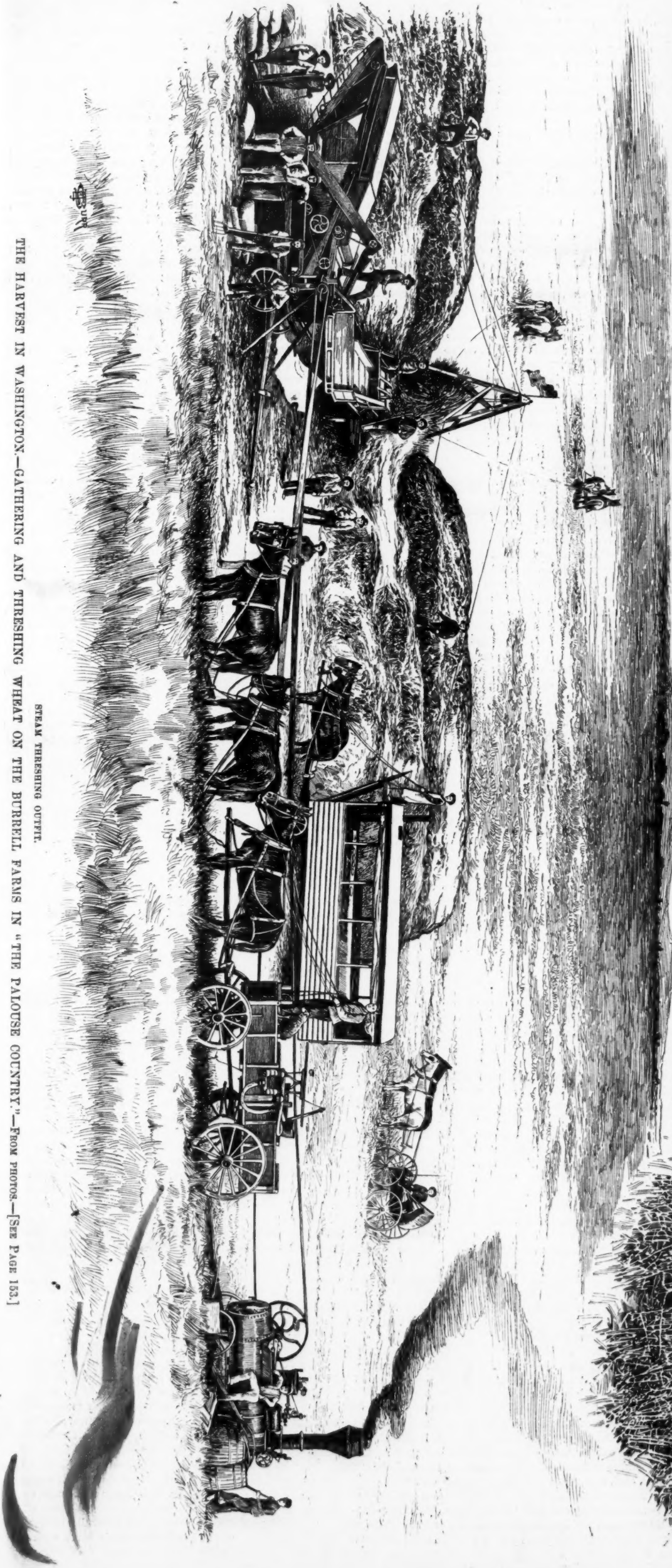
THE NEW OCCUPATION OF OKLAHOMA.—A BOOMERS' CAMP.—FROM A PHOTO.



AWAITING SHIPMENT.



Harvesting.



STEAM THRESHING OUTFIT.

THE HARVEST IN WASHINGTON—GATHERING AND THRESHING WHEAT ON THE BUTRELL FARMS IN "THE PALOUSE COUNTRY"—FROM PHOTOS.—[SEE PAGE 153.]

INDIAN SUMMER.

LIKE palest gold the mellow sunlight creeps
Across the porch and thro' the open door,
And spreads a checkered carpet on the floor.
The garden's last red poppy, nodding, sleeps,
And one bee in its heart his senses steep
With most delicious languor; one slim stalk
Of hollyhock still bends beside the walk,
Starred with its lovely flowers. In soft heaps—
Like sweet, dead dreams—wind-shaken rose leaves lie;
The opal's fire burns in the clouds that float
Across the delicate azure of the sky.
The wind is one low, soft æolian note;
And yellower than the primrose east at morn,
Stretch the wide, undulating fields of corn.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

BY JUDITH SPENCER.



S Harold Swayne left his lofty studio, late one afternoon, to descend for his usual walk, he noticed a card tacked upon the door of Room 57, which had been standing vacant for some time.

Pausing to see the names of his new neighbors, he groaned as he read the neatly-printed sign:

"Rose Moss
and
Violet Wood."

"Two women!" he thought, scornfully. "Daubers of flowers on screens, panels, and such abominations of decorative art. Bah!" And with his shapely nose well in the air he went down the creaking stairs, devoutly hoping that he would never be brought into contact with the new-comers.

Several days passed, and as he had not even caught a glimpse of the "daubers," Swayne had almost forgotten that a disturbing element had invaded his lonely attic, when one morning he found a heavy, shapeless mass had been left before his door, though it was plainly addressed to Violet Moss, Room 57.

There was nothing for him to do but shoulder the unwieldy bundle, pocket his disturbed feelings, and boldly advance upon the enemy.

"Gabble, gabble," he muttered to himself as he approached their door; but, to his surprise, silence reigned within.

"They may be out," he thought, but his heart sank again as a pleasant voice said "Come in" in response to his knock. He had a wild thought of depositing the bundle on the floor and fleeing to the sanctuary of his den, but before he could put the plan into execution the door opened, and two pairs of inquiring eyes were fixed upon him.

"This was left at my room by mistake. It is for Miss Wood," said Swayne awkwardly, looking from one face to the other.

"It is for me," said the slender blonde. "A cast of Hermes which I ordered some days ago. Will you kindly put it here? Thank you. You must be our neighbor, Mr. Swayne, and I am glad of this opportunity of meeting you. Let me introduce you to my fellow-worker, Rose Moss."

The regal creature with a crown of red-gold hair, and brown eyes flashing with tawny fire, came forward and held out her hand with a delightful air of good-fellowship.

Meanwhile Violet was unwrapping the Hermes, and Swayne, with a quick glance took in the details of the room. No flower daubs nor decorative panels here! A few well-chosen, rich old stuffs were draped upon the walls, making fine backgrounds for the casts which stood in artistic disorder about the room. An antique rug or two lay on the floor, and the two easels were placed to catch the most advantageous light.

That which Violet had just quitted stood nearest to him, and his eyes rested upon her unfinished picture. It was a Gorgon's head, with wild, unseeing eyes, and flowing, snaky locks spread wide. The head seemed rushing toward him as he looked at it, as though it were borne along on the driving blast. It revealed a powerful imagination, and when Swayne turned to the second easel there was a new expression of surprise and interest on his face.

On this canvas he saw a view of distant woodlands, a placid river, velvety lawns, and a chateau which stood out like an airy vision cut in stone against the clear blue sky.

"You are painting from memory," said Swayne, involuntarily. The young girl stood looking dreamily upon her work. She turned her tawny eyes upon him.

"From memory? Yes; for I have seen this place a hundred times—in dreams. But it is so elusive! I cannot put it on to canvas as I see it, though the vision is so clear!" She sighed, then with a smile she added: "Somewhere, in some far-off country, this place exists, I am sure. It has become so real to me! I shall see it some day."

These, then, were the conventional "daubers" whom Swayne had expected to see, with no ideas beyond their panels and their screens. He felt bewildered, it seemed so like a dream.

He came to himself with a sudden start.

"Pardon me, I am intruding, and have been trespassing too long."

But Violet spoke up heartily:

"No apologies, Mr. Swayne. We are neighbors and fellow-workers, and ought to be friends. I hope you will come in often, and then, perhaps, you will be generous enough, sometime, to let us have a glimpse of the work of a real artist."

Swayne murmured a few words of acknowledgment and went back hastily to his room, where he set himself to work with redoubled energy.

He had taken fright at the fair artists' cordiality, and fled to his seclusion, even bolting his door against the intruders.

But several times that day their faces returned to him un-

bidden, and one especially haunted him, a glowing face wreathed with red-gold braids, and eyes flashing with hidden fire.

But he saw no more of his neighbors until one day, weeks afterward, he met them by chance upon the stairs. Violet stopped to laughingly upbraid him for his evident avoidance of them.

He was stiffly pleading lack of time when, looking up, he encountered Rose's wonderful eyes, and they fascinated him.

"Is it too late to atone for my apparent rudeness now?" he said. "You were kind enough to express a wish to see my work. My picture was too crude before, but now will you come and look at it?"

They readily assented, and he went before them and unlocked his studio door.

It was a small, bare room. A screen in one corner hid the bed,—for this one room was both Swayne's studio and home. Half-finished studies and sketches stood against the wall in confusion, each one revealing originality and a vigorous touch. On the easel was his most ambitious work, representing King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Swayne had chosen the moment when the king—full of sorrow, and foreseeing all the ill to come—hears of his knights' determination to seek the Holy Grail. The simple grandeur and the noble purity of Arthur, as he stood among them, was wonderfully portrayed. It was as if he had just spoken the words:

"The chance of noble deeds will come and go
Unchallenged, while you follow wandering fires
Lost in the quagmire; many of you, yea most,
Return no more—"

They stood before it in silence for a moment, then Violet murmured, "A masterpiece."

But Rose, with a flush, turned to Swayne.

"Let me be the first to acknowledge genius," she said. "This is a revelation! Keep on, and you will be the greatest artist of the age."

He caught her enthusiasm.

"I have power—I feel it within me; and when I have attained the height before me, you—"

"You will have forgotten all the incidents connected with the beginning of your career," said Rose.

"Never!" answered Swayne.

The ice was broken now, and seldom a day passed that they did not meet. Swayne's door was often open wide, and he was wont to appear, palette in hand, whenever he heard their footsteps on the stairs. And the great blue jar in Room 57 was always filled with flowers, his daily offering, which Violet called "the homage of genius." And more and more often Swayne found his way into the studio of the two "intruders," whose very presence had at first seemed to him a personal affront.

But when, later on, these occupants of Room 57 gave little weekly receptions to their outside friends, Swayne's door was not only shut again, but locked inside, and no persuasion could bring him forth. He was not a social creature evidently.

"Friendly, not social," said Violet, summing him up. "A queer genius!"

"A genius, therefore queer," corrected Rose. "And he can afford to be."

The day before the pictures were to be sent in for the spring exhibition Swayne had come into Room 57 to pass his last criticism upon their finished work. The "Gorgon" was completed, and it was a powerful picture, in spite of a certain lack of finish. But the second picture was missing, and in reply to his question, "It is there," Rose answered, pointing to the fireplace, where he saw a few charred fragments of canvas.

"I do not send such work out into the world," she said with scorn, noting curiously the surprise and regret upon his face. "It is well enough for me to dream such dreams, but it is also well that they should end—in smoke!"

"Some day you shall realize that dream. I have sworn it!" murmured Swayne, passionately. "Will you trust to me—and wait?"

The listlessness died out of her face, and surprise, utter amazement, and a curious expression of pity appeared in its stead. Then, ignoring his words, and with a formal manner that was new to her, she coldly asked what price he had put upon his "King Arthur."

Swayne was more stung by her change of manner than he cared to show. It was a question, too, that he had hardly considered, although even now his funds were running low.

"I hardly know—five hundred, perhaps—one must live," he said, bitterly.

"If you hold your own work cheap," said Rose, "others will do the same. Ask thousands instead of hundreds, and—who knows?—you will get it more easily, perhaps, than the lower figure. Large prices command attention, while low ones are passed over. Besides, your work is worth it."

This praise soothed Swayne a little, and he acted upon her advice, although three thousand was as much as he thought fit to ask for this his first really important work.

The two pictures were accepted. Violet's was skyed, but Swayne's was on the line, and was one of the features of the exhibition. The critics quarreled over it and could not agree, but they served to bring his name into prominence. Before the end of the first week he received an offer of twenty-five hundred dollars, which he at once accepted, and then hastened to tell his two friends of his good fortune.

"Who bought it?" asked Violet.

"A Mr. Morton," said Swayne, "who is a patron of the arts, I believe, and is said to be a wealthy and influential man. I know no more, as I have never even seen him."

Rose looked at him curiously, and then smiled.

"But you ought to meet him, Mr. Swayne. Indeed you ought to make some effort to make yourself known. It is all very well to work night and day, and never see any one but your models and a few of the brotherhood, but for a man at the beginning of his career, such a course is neither prudent nor wise."

"What am I to do?" said Swayne. "Elbow myself into the groups at the academy and say, 'I am Swayne, the artist—unknown as yet, but rapidly climbing the ladder of fame. You all ought to know me, and especially as I need you for stepping-stones'?"

They laughed, but Rose went on in a more serious tone.

"Will you not try to avail yourself of any opportunity that

may come—to let nothing pass that may be a means of your advancement?"

"If you wish it, I will promise," said Swayne, looking straight into her wonderful eyes.

He now began to work again with feverish energy. And his "Night" began to assume a definite shape. It was a beautiful female figure floating through space, in whose dark, diaphanous draperies a few little stars were entangled. Bats and owls circled in the dimness around her, while two little birds nestled asleep on her breast. The crescent moon gleamed from the waves of her luminous red-gold hair, and the eyes looking out from the dark, transparent veil were the wonderful eyes of Rose!

It was an inspiration, and though the idea itself was not new, it had never been presented before with so much dignity and such exquisite grace.

The picture was nearing completion, when one morning Swayne was surprised to receive a note from Mr. Henry Morton, the purchaser of his "King Arthur," inviting him to dinner on the following Thursday.

Surprise and amusement were depicted upon his face as, note in hand, he knocked at the door of Room 57.

"My picture-buyer grows friendly," he said, holding out the invitation for Rose and Violet to read.

They exchanged glances.

"Well, you will go, of course?" said Violet.

Swayne laughed.

"Go? Decidedly not! Why, I never laid my eyes upon the man—"

Rose was looking at him curiously.

"But you will go," she said with a charming smile; "remember your promise!"

"Does this come under the promise?" said Swayne, surprised. Then, with a sudden gleam of amusement: "But I can't go, even if I wished to—which I assuredly do not."

"But why?"

"Well, you see, I do not think that Mr. Morton, anxious as he seems to be to make my acquaintance, would care to see me at his table in this daubed-up painting-jacket, and—"

"You have no dress suit?"

"Precisely."

"Then order one,—it is a necessity."

"Impossible to get it by Thursday night."

"Then hire a suit—for really you must go."

Swayne made a wry face.

"If I must, I must! But after all, I wish I had not told you. I came for bread, and you have given me a stone heavy enough to sink me deep in the sea. All inspiration is spoiled for to-day. I shall go out for a walk."

On Thursday evening, as the clocks were striking seven, Swayne mounted the steps of Mr. Morton's residence. He felt uncomfortable in his new dress suit, though it became him well, and he felt thankful that none of the guests could know he was appearing in it for the first time. He dreaded the dinner, and nothing but Rose's wish, so openly expressed, could have prevailed upon him to accept the unlooked-for invitation. But her face seemed floating before him as he went up the steps. He saw it still as the waiter took his overcoat in the hall. He saw it before him as he entered the drawing-room, but now it was no longer a fancy, it was Rose herself, resplendent in her evening-dress, with sparkling jewels upon her neck!

"Rose! Miss Moss—you here!" he exclaimed, as he took her outstretched hand.

"That name is left behind me at the studio door," she answered with a smile. "I am Miss Morton, your hostess, and here is my father; let me introduce you to him. We are glad to see you, Mr. Swayne, for we want you to know how much we already appreciate you as an artist—the only artist present, we all agree, who is at all worthy of that name."

The words were cordial, but there was something in her manner that sent a chill to Swayne's heart.

A round of introductions followed, and well-known names were sounded in his ear. But almost before he could grasp the situation dinner was announced, and he was following his host into the dining-room with Violet upon his arm.

"Are you some one else, too?" he asked, rather brusquely.

She laughed.

"Yes, and no. I am no longer Violet Wood, but Violet Valentine."

"I suppose you think this a capital joke, but after all, was it quite fair, Miss—Valentine?" he said, savagely.

"What! Do you really mean to say that you did not know? At the studio we always go by those names, but nowhere else."

Of all the guests who had ever been at Mr. Morton's table, no one of them ever shone less than Swayne that night. No efforts could draw him out; he would not talk except to answer in monosyllables, or now and then address a few words to Violet.

It was as if a great gulf of wealth and social standing had opened between him and his love, and her hand had opened it. It was all so sudden that Swayne seemed dazed. Such gulfs can sometimes be bridged across, but her new manner toward him seemed to show that this was too impassable.

"Who is that fellow sitting by Miss Moss,—I mean Miss Morton?" he asked Violet in an undertone.

"Sir John Leroy, the wealthy Englishman," she answered.

"The cad is too familiar," he said, shortly.

Violet flushed and replied with dignity:

"Sir John is a gentleman; besides, it is an open secret now, he has just been accepted and is going to marry Miss Morton."

"Is he?" said Swayne, slowly. "Oh, I beg his pardon."

After dinner Mr. Morton seemed determined to make a lion of him, and for a while Swayne became the centre of a brilliant circle, all talking with ease and wit, while he alone remained silent and grim.

His "King Arthur" was highly praised; even Sir John Leroy condescended to admire it,—and Swayne saw that it occupied a prominent place among the pictures by many of the most eminent artists.

"And I hear that your latest picture is another masterpiece," said Mr. Morton. "It is, I believe, a female figure representing 'Night'?"

Swayne bowed.

"I have heard so much of it that I am very desirous of seeing

it; and as I hear that the face bears a wonderful resemblance to my daughter, I feel that I should like to become its owner."

"Impossible, Mr. Morton," Swayne replied, slowly and distinctly. "That picture is not for sale."

Mr. Morton shrugged his shoulders.

"Can a young artist afford to indulge in eccentricities?" he asked, with a slight smile.

"An artist is always eccentric," replied Swayne. "My 'Night' is beyond question the best work I have yet done, and with it I hope to establish my reputation in Europe. So I can afford to keep it, Mr. Morton."

"You are going abroad, then, I surmise?"

"Shortly."

"We are not to lose sight of you entirely, I hope?"

"It is at least possible that you may hear of me in the future," said Swayne.

For a single moment before he took his leave, Swayne found himself face to face again with Rose.

"You are angry with me," she said. "Yet, have you the right to be? It was the artist I encouraged—not the man."

"Angry? Oh, no; you have simply shown me that there is a great gulf between us; but I will show you that such gulfs can be crossed! One day I may stand upon a height even equal to your own."

"If I have waked your ambition—if I have stung you into action,—that is something," she said.

"You have taught me that pride and ambition are stronger than love," he said, bitterly. "Rose, Rose, your glorious image has crumbled to dust at my feet. Heaven help me! I will never willingly look upon your face again."

The next day Swayne's studio door was closed. As Rose and Violet went down the stairs in the gathering twilight, each cast more than one curious glance in that direction. During the day Violet had freely criticised Swayne's manner of the night before, but on this subject Rose had kept silence.

But on the following morning, when they reached the upper hall, they saw his door wide open, and the room was empty. Underneath the card bearing his name they read the words: "Gone to Europe."

There was an exclamation of surprise from Violet.

"Strange, unfriendly creature, to leave without bidding us good-bye! His way of revenge, I suppose, as he seemed to think we had been playing him a trick."

"But his going was no secret," said Rose, quietly. "He spoke of it to my father—and on Thursday night he said good-bye to me."

This happened long ago.

Swayne is a famous artist now, and a rich and much-courted man. He has lately bought a fine old place, and under his supervision the rambling pile of buildings has been changed into a beautiful chateau. There are velvety lawns around it, and glimpses of distant woodland beyond the placid river. It is Rose's ideal picture to the life—and all this he calls a whim. He denies any intention of marrying, or ever living there—but, fortunately, he is rich enough to indulge even in a whim of such dimensions.

Rose is still beautiful, and she is a widow. They say that her married life was most unhappy; but of this she has never been known to speak.

Who can tell whether these two will ever meet again,—or if Swayne will be inflexible to the end?

THE HARVEST IN WASHINGTON.

WITH a view of enabling our readers to understand the vast extent of harvesting operations in the Northwest, we give on page 151 three pictures of harvest scenes in what is termed the Palouse country, Washington. Wheat is there the principal product, and the transportation facilities of two great railroads, the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific, are taxed to the utmost to handle the crop. The Palouse country embraces all of Whitman County, together with a portion of Spokane, and is so called from a stream of that name which flows through it. Mr. W. F. Burrell writes us in description of the illustrations: "The picture of the steam threshing outfit is highly illustrative of the manner in which operations are carried on by the large farms. The outfit requires a crew of twenty-two men to handle it, and consists of the following: One steam engine; one water wagon; one threshing-machine and separator; one self-feeder; one derrick with two forks; one portable kitchen. With such an outfit the threshing of two thousand bushels of wheat is an ordinary day's work, and is frequently exceeded."

"Sometimes the engines propel themselves, and also have sufficient power to operate the derrick forks which deliver the straw to the self-feeder. When this is the case steam power does all the work, even to moving the outfit from one field to another."

"The picture showing the sacked wheat piled on the ground and on platforms about the elevator is typical of the condition of all the warehouses and elevators throughout the Palouse country, as, owing to the enormous yield, the railroad companies are unable to handle the grain as it is offered for shipment, and the farmers are obliged to store the sacked grain as best they can. As a rule, the wheat all goes to Europe by sailing-vessels from Pacific coast ports, and this year the farmers are realizing handsome prices, owing to the scarcity of grain in Europe."

"Wheat-raising in the Palouse country is quite profitable, even to those who employ others to do the work. Thirty bushels per acre is the average yield, which, at seventy cents per bushel, amounts to twenty-one dollars. From this must be deducted the cost of growing the crop—ten dollars per acre—and interest at ten per cent.—the current rate—on the value of the land (thirty dollars), which is three dollars,—in all amounting to thirteen dollars; leaving the handsome margin of eight dollars per acre."

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

THIS is the season of the year when the tea-gown appears in all its radiant glory. It is ever a delightful fashion, lending itself so essentially to the picturesque side of our habits, and allowing us to indulge our fancy for the gay and brilliant without being stigmatized as "loud" in our tastes. It

is, besides, so becoming when worn with due consideration for the occasion and the clock, and not elevated to the rank of a dinner-gown nor leveled to the grade of a morning-wrapper.

A few which have been lately exhibited are indeed worthy of reproduction. One is very simple though striking. It is made of cardinal red vigogne caught up at each side of the centre front above the bust into rosettes, and displaying a full front and square yoke of red-and-white foulard, striped at the top and bottom with rows of black velvet, with which the full sleeves, also of the foulard, are trimmed to correspond. Another is rather an elaborate affair. It is made of black brocade with colored flowers upon it, and it is cut square in the front, edged with a very fine make of black lace arranged in a jabot down each side. The under-dress is of apple-green *crêpe de chine*, folded and draped, and tied above the waist with a wide sash having long bows and fringed ends which reach to the hem. A sort of fichu-cape of the *crêpe* edged with the lace is draped over the shoulders.

A graceful shape is a straight gown of light turquoise blue faced cloth. The full sleeves and draped front are made of black *crêpe de chine*, while the square, turned-down collar is of black ostrich feathers, and the shaped cuffs and fringed zone are of jet. A stylish breakfast-gown is made of flannel in a dull shade of pink. The back and front are each arranged in three box-pleats, the centre one being covered with a band of black passementerie, while the slight fullness of the bodice is held in its place by a belt of the passementerie, and the cuffs on the quaintly-shaped sleeves, as well as the round, turned-down collar, are made of the same trimming.

During the fine autumn weather which we are likely to enjoy, promenade gowns will hold an important position in our wardrobes. A novel design for this purpose is given in the illustration. It is made of cloth in a rich fawn shade with an olive tone to it, and is trimmed with velvet to match. The shape of the over-garment is somewhat in polonaise form, with wing-like sides which are lined with gros-grain silk to match in color. The second illustration is a costume suitable for a boy from four to eight years. The paletot is of fancy striped woolen cloth, while the knickerbockers of chestnut velvet are short and full. The collar and plastron are of *écru* linen, and the little round cap, or *casquette*, is made of the cloth like the paletot.

The new millinery for autumn begins now to assume an air of distinction, and any one who thinks that all the changes have been rung on the sailor hat is indeed mistaken, for it appears again with a felt brim and a soft crown of cloth or felt, in a sort of Tam O'Shanter form, only very flat. A new idea of hat trimming is a rosette of pleated velvet or ribbon, from the centre of which projects a Prince of Wales cluster of tips; and another, which should be artistically arranged to avoid being grotesque, are butterfly bows of ribbon elevated one above the other by means of wires concealed within folds of the ribbon. Ombré velvet is a novel feature also in millinery. It is used for crowns entire or merely garniture. It generally includes three tints in the shading, sometimes green and blue with brown, and again from light to dark brown. Wings or tips are used in conjunction with it, and frequently include all the shades seen in the velvet. In fact, the colorings and designs are brilliant and bewildering, and many of the season's novelties are revelations indeed. In hosiery, too, the manufacturer seems to have outdone himself, and the richest effects are displayed therein. In black the lower part will frequently present stripes gayly embroidered in flower-sprays, insects, and the like in colored silks or beads, which alternate with open-work lace-like stripes. Probably the highest novelty of all is the shot effect, which combines pink and violet, blue and gold, and all the popular tints, united with black.



PROMENADE COSTUME.



PARIS STYLE FOR BOYS.

ELLA STARR.

TYPES OF CEYLON WOMEN.

THE earliest notice of Ceylon is probably contained in the Hindoo poem "Rāmāyana." The tradition handed down that Buddha traversed Ceylon, leaving his foot-print on Adams Peak, cannot be vouched for, but is believed by all Buddhists. The antiquity of Ceylon reaches back to 543 B.C. England, in 1798, made Ceylon a crown colony. It is one of the garden spots of the world, and contains about 25,000 square miles, or 16,233,000 acres. It is especially celebrated for its elephants; and its valuable gems, viz., sapphires, rubies, cat's-eyes, alexandrites, and its most exquisite pearls help to add to the charms

of the fair sex all over the civilized world. Moreover, it produces—according to the English, who are considered the best judges—the most delightfully flavored tea known, and the export of which rose from twenty-three pounds in 1873 to about 54,000,000 pounds in 1890.

The present population (composed of a few Europeans, but chiefly of Tamils, Moors, Cingalese, Malays, etc.) is about 3,000,000, and Colombo, the capital, contains about 120,000 inhabitants. Like the city of the great World's Fair, a single product helps to make its citizens not only wealthy, but important. Chicago boasts its pork, Ceylon its tea. No business interview or political conclave ever takes place on the island in which Ceylon tea is not a necessary factor. The splendid breakwater, which was built at a cost of \$4,000,000, gives the stranger within its gates a sense of absolute security upon reaching the harbor of Colombo.

We are indebted to Mr. S. Elwood May, the president of the Ceylon Planters' Tea Company, of New York, London, and Colombo, for the use of the accompanying illustrations.

LIFE INSURANCE.—QUESTION-BOX.

THE publication known as the *Aetna*, which is of course an insurance publication, and may therefore be expected to resort to vilification and falsehood to serve its purposes, unites with the *Spectator*, another paper which owes its life and existence to insurance patronage, in denouncing "The Hermit" for his fearless exposure of life insurance intrigues, plots, and schemes. Both publications reveal their real character by accusing "The Hermit" of answering inquiries which originate with himself.

I have said before that if anybody who has any business to know would like to see these inquiries I should not object to showing them, provided that be necessary to furnish proof that they are genuine. I again call the attention of my readers to the fact that the insurance journals attack them more than they do me when they accuse me of printing fictitious communications. Every communication in this column has the initials or the nom de plume that accompanies the letter to me, and my readers are well aware of this fact. Of course the *Aetna* and the *Spectator* resort to falsehood to cover up their tracks. They may assault me, I can stand it; but I leave my inquirers to get satisfaction in their own way.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

"N. J. M.," of Marietta, Ohio, asks regarding the Continental Life Insurance Company of Hartford, which passed into the hands of receivers four years ago. He wants me to stir them up. I would be very glad to do this, but, unfortunately, it is not in my power. If "N. J. M." will write to the Superintendent of Insurance at Hartford, Conn., he can do a little stirring up on his own hook. I will be glad to render him any assistance in my power.

"R. T. L.," of Pittsburg, Pa., wants my opinion of "the new ten-thousand-dollar combination policy" of the Preferred Mutual Association of New York. The former policy issued by the company provided for payment for the loss of one foot or one hand, but it now pays only in case of loss of both hand and foot, unless the casualty is caused by the wrecking of a passenger train, etc.—Ans. The change in the form of policy no doubt arises from the discovery that a large number of injuries are self-inflicted. Where a considerable amount of money can be obtained by the loss of a hand or foot, insurers would sometimes suffer this loss and take the money. This self-infliction of injuries prevails much more generally than most persons imagine. Perhaps this is the reason the Mutual Preferred has altered its policy. I do not think the annual statement of the Mutual Preferred shows it to be the best of the accident insurance companies.

"J. R. P.," of Chicago, carries \$10,000 insurance in the United States Life Insurance Company, and wants to know if it is good or if he shall change his policy to an endowment, as he is a young man and prefers a good policy.—Ans. The United States Life Insurance Company is a small old-line company and is said to be conservatively managed. On general principles I would always take whatever insurance I could comfortably carry on the endowment plan, so as to provide a nest-egg in old age and, in case of my death, to provide for my family. If unable to pay the higher premium required for endowment insurance, I would take insurance in some good annual premium company like the Mutual Reserve, which offers lower rates with ample opportunity for the insured to provide for the future of his family.

"J. H. & D.," of New York, wants information regarding the Serial Building, Loan and Savings Institution and the Electric Building and Loan Institution, both of New York.—Ans. I can only reply that I know nothing of these building and loan associations. Let my correspondent ask some commercial agency.

"W. J. G.," of St. Louis, wants information concerning the Mutual Benefit Life Association of America, with its office on Forty-second Street, New York. (2) Also regarding the Missouri Guarantee Savings and Building Association, which, he says, promises on the deposit of \$500 to pay six per cent. interest, payable semi-annually, for eight years, and at the end of that time to pay back \$1,000.—Ans. The Mutual Benefit Life Association of America has lately been reorganized with a new management. It is a small company and may pull through. (2) If "W. J. G." will carefully read the prospectus of the Missouri Guarantee Savings and Building Association, which he sent me, he will see that it does not make a definite contract to do what he says. A share in the Association, according to the statement in its prospectus, matures and becomes due and payable in cash when the amount of monthly dues and its apportioned profits reach \$1,000. Stock may mature in a few months less than ninety-six and it may take a few months more. We confidently expect it to be less.—Ans. I look upon this as a good deal of a speculation, not an investment. I must express my thanks to "W. J. G." for his compliment to "The Hermit." He says, "I am very much pleased with the general tone of your articles on life insurance, and believe they are doing great good. These articles, together with 'Jasper's' financial articles and the editorial letters in FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY are making it the most valuable weekly publication published in this country."

"W. T. W.," of Allentown, Pa., asks regarding the National Accident Association of Indianapolis, and whether the Travelers, of Hartford, is to be preferred to it.—Ans. I should prefer the Travelers by all means.

"A. B.," of Geneva, N. Y., wants information regarding the United States Bond, Loan and Investment Company, of New York, and the Manufacturers Accident Indemnity Company, of Geneva, and asks if both are reliable.—Ans. I know nothing of the first-mentioned. The second makes a favorable showing, but its prosperity depends upon the sagacity and conservatism of its management.

"Insurance," Brooklyn, N. Y., says he has a policy in the Mutual Benefit Life Association of America and the National Life Association of Hartford, Conn., and wants to know if he shall continue them; he also asks my opinion of the Northwestern Masonic Aid Association, of Chicago, as compared with the two companies mentioned.—Ans. I should by all means prefer the Northwestern. If "Insurance" cannot pass the medical examination elsewhere, I would advise him to continue his policy in the companies in which he is insured.

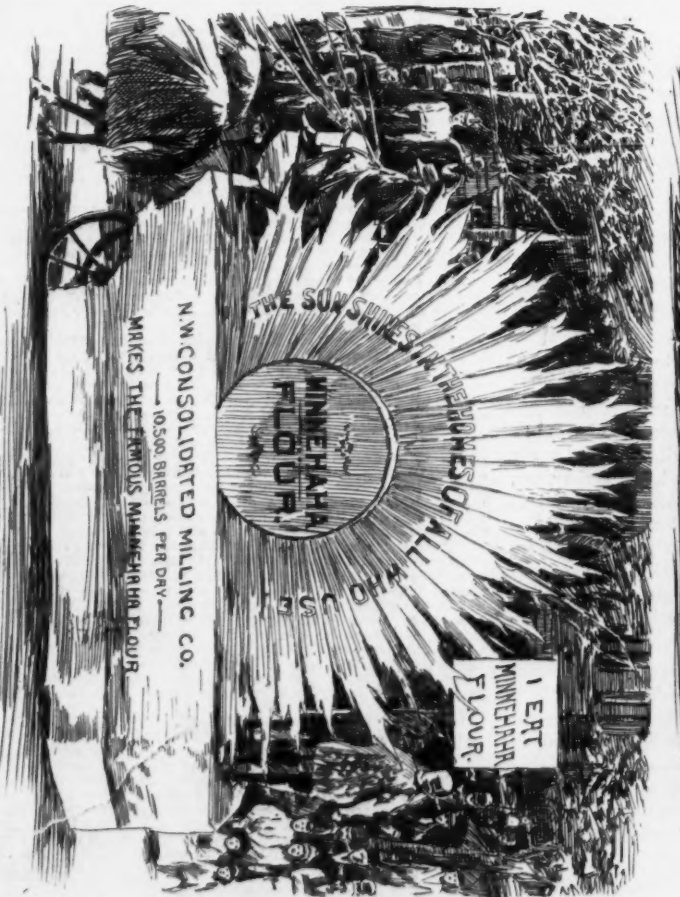
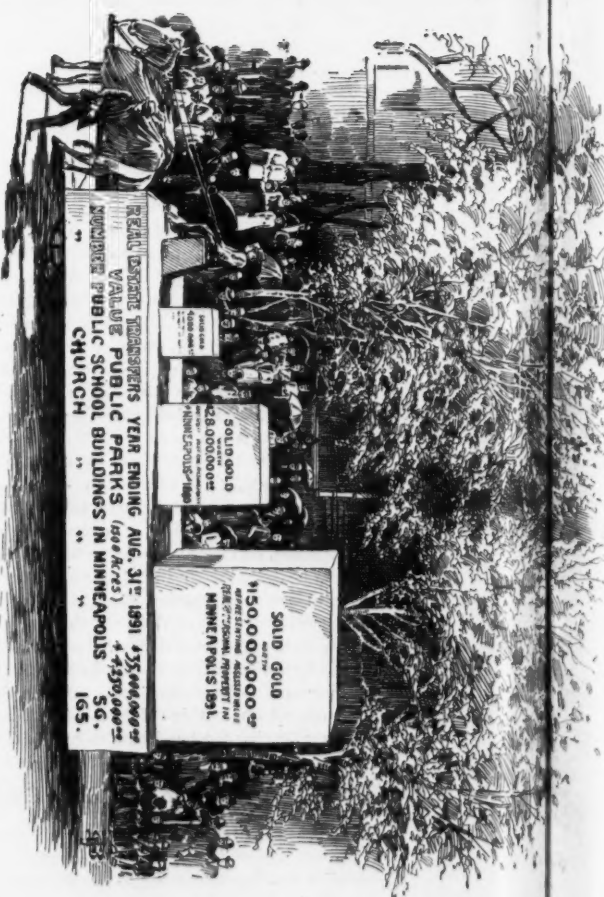
"J. D. H.," Omaha, asks regarding the Order of Chosen Friends, with headquarters in Jersey City. He says he has a friend who joined the order last fall, who early in the spring applied to withdraw his money—\$30—but was unable to get any satisfaction.—Ans. The Order of Chosen Friends commenced business in Indianapolis, Ind., in 1879. It is one of the popular of what are known as Fraternal Orders, and does a large business in New York, having nearly 7,000 certificates or policies in force in that State. It is possible that the thirty dollars referred to may have been paid to an agent who did not hand it in. I should make inquiries at the home office, Indianapolis, H. H. Morse, President. If fair play is not granted to "J. D. H." let him write me.

"S. L. M.," of Ontario, and "J. B. K.," of Willet's Point, N. Y., both write for my opinion regarding the People's Five Year Benefit Order, of Boston.—Ans. This order promises to pay \$500 at the end of five years in return for an initiation fee of \$6 and an assessment of \$1.50, but it does not definitely say how often these assessments are to be levied. The circular says that members will have to pay them "as often as it may be found necessary to fulfill the contract." No one can tell, therefore, how much it is going to cost to get the \$500. Assessments may be levied in such profusion as to make things uncomfortable. I don't think I would care to become a member of any such order.

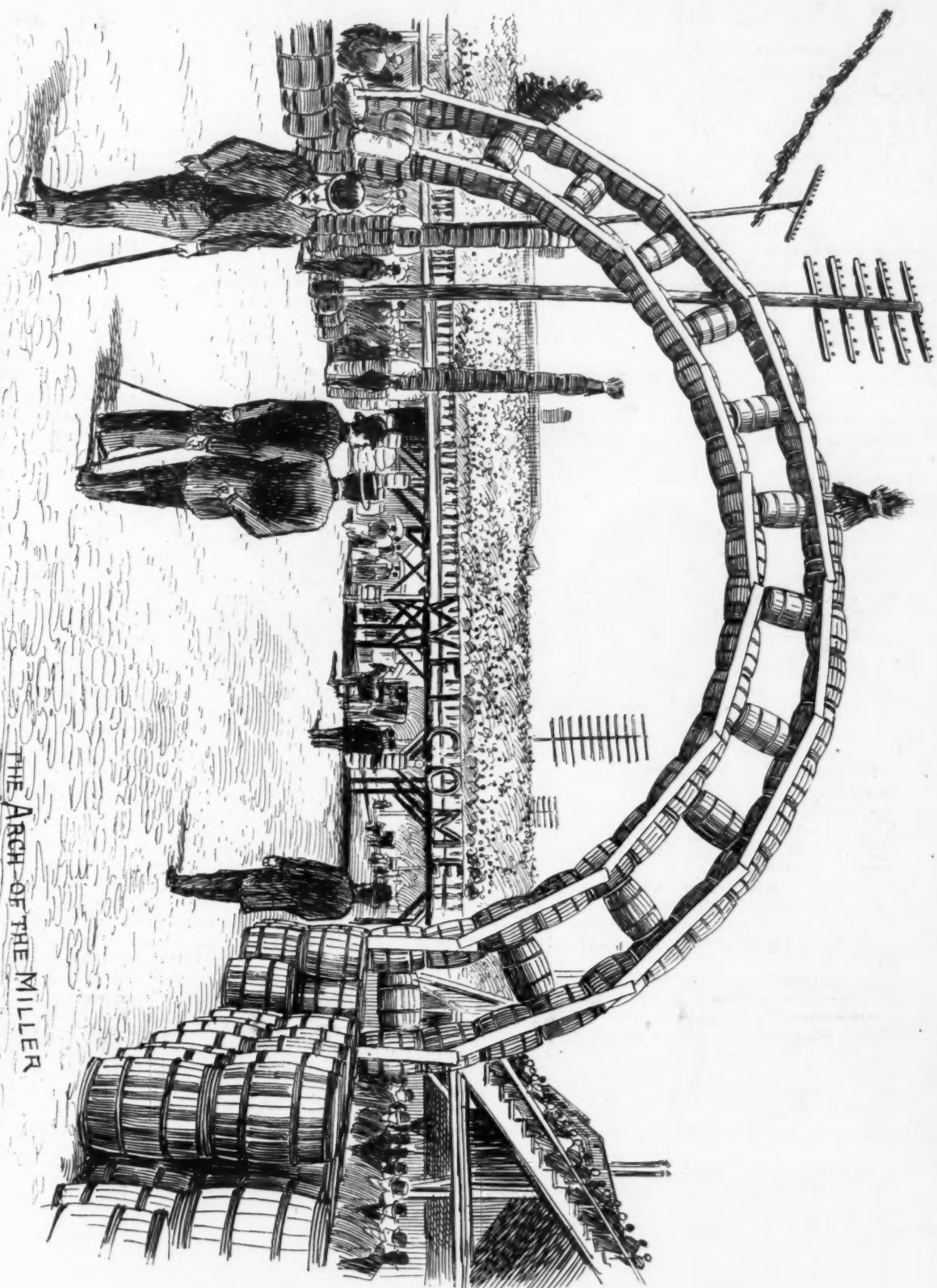
The Hermit.



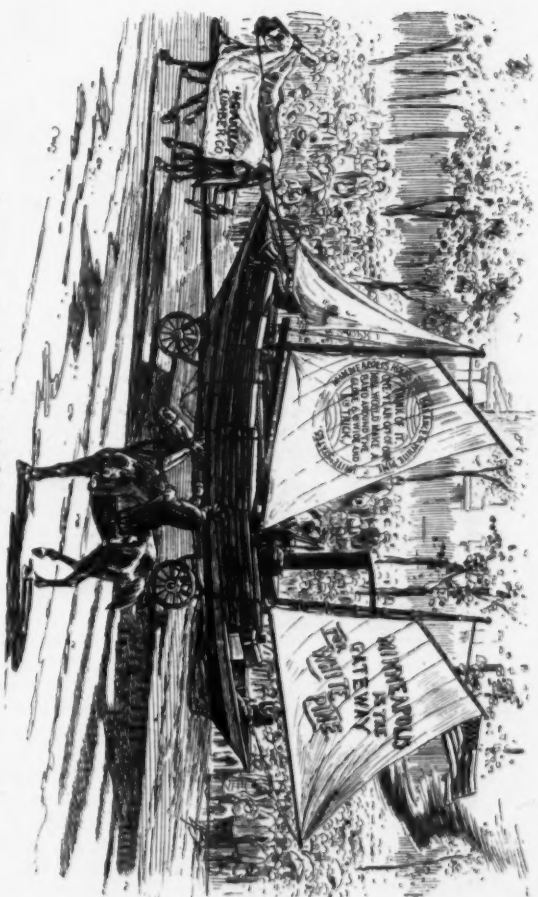
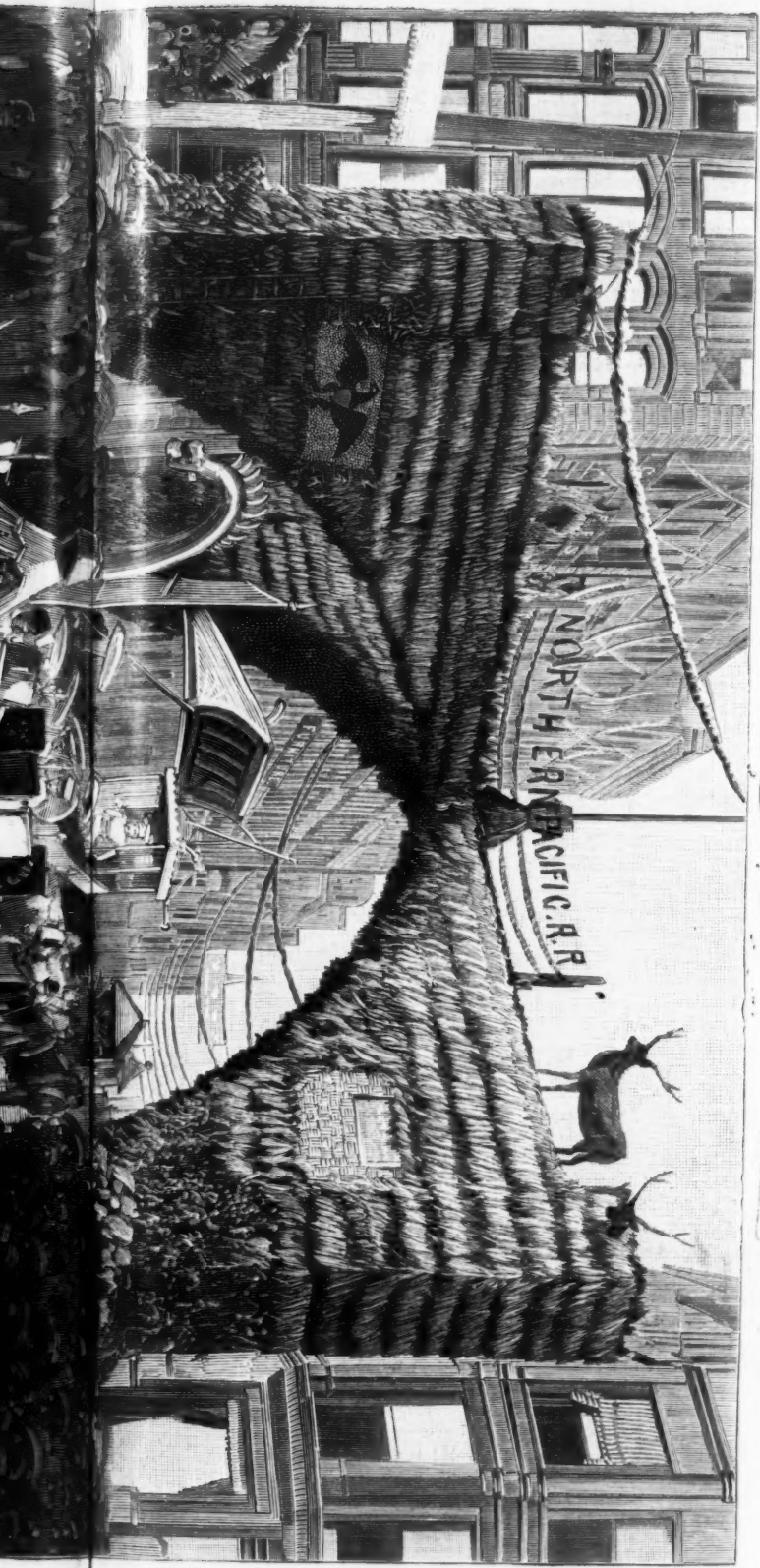
THE ARCH AT NICOLLET AVENUE AND FIFTH STREET.
THE GREAT HARVEST FESTIVAL AT MINNEAPOLIS, SEPTEMBER 23d.—A WONDERFUL EXHIBIT OF THE PROGRESS OF THE NORTHWEST AND THE GROWTH OF MINNEAPOLIS.
FROM PHOTOS EXPRESSLY TAKEN FOR FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—[See Page 157.]



SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL EXHIBITS.
THE GREAT HARVEST FESTIVAL AT MINNEAPOLIS, SEPTEMBER 23d.—A WONDERFUL EXHIBIT OF THE PROGRESS OF THE NORTHWEST AND THE GROWTH OF MINNEAPOLIS.
FROM PHOTOS EXPRESSLY TAKEN FOR FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—[See Page 157.]



THE ARCH OF THE MILLER



OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

THE STORY OF MR. SCHANZ'S SLEDGE
JOURNEY CONTINUED.

MY narrative last week closed with our arrival at Kakwok, and our hospitable reception in the barabra of one Pikh-luyok, who assigned us sleeping quarters in a large kassigima. We hung our clothes and bedding promiscuously about the kassigima, and everything became reasonably dry. Before we retired, too, we held a palaver with the bucks, and found among them one long-haired individual who looked as if he were perpetually suffering from a poetic inspiration, and who claimed to know all about the lake we were seeking. The gentleman's name was Tokelchoakh, but we called him Kakwok for short, and even that was corrupted by the facetious Clark into "Cock-o'-the-walk." At Kakwok, too, they make some excellent socks of woven grass, and as excellent water-boots from the tanned skins of king-salmon. Of both we secured a supply, as well as of dried and fresh fish, so that we were well equipped when we started out in the morning.

The weather was fair and the road a little better, and at four o'clock in the evening we reached the village of Agivavik, sixteen miles from Kakwok. On the way we encountered a number of Esquimaux "bobbing" for pike through holes in the ice, and also met a native dog-expedition on its way to the village we had just left. We did not stop to exchange greetings, though they halted to see us go by. When teams meet that way it is necessary for all hands to keep a weather-eye open on the dogs. Otherwise the brutes would engage, on the slightest provocation, in a pitched battle, and beyond being liable to disintegrate a few canines they would certainly make an awful mess of the harness.

At Agivavik the natives, as they had been at Kakwok, were tremendously "gassy," and nearly bored us to death with their palaver. One in particular made himself obnoxious with a long-winded speech about nothing, none of us uttering a word in reply or paying any attention to his loquacity for half an hour. Finally, Clark lost his patience, and turning to the fellow he remarked in Esquimaux, with energy: "Here, you! You shut up! You've talked enough."

"Yes," replied the chap with more grace and diplomacy than

to the right and took a more easterly course. The forest now became more extensive and dense, but great swaths had been cut through the timber by the fall hurricanes, while at the river's edge the spring ice-gorges had felled acres of forest-giants.

The 6th was a most fearfully frigid day. It was bright and clear, however, and we decided shortly before noon to take a "shot" at the sun for the benefit of our geographical work. We made the necessary halt, and keeping warm by a most grotesque dancing movement, managed to get out the sextant and artificial horizon. But when we attempted to pour the mercury into our horizon-trough, we found that the liquid metal was frozen hard as a brick. We gave up taking the sight, especially when we found that almost every one in the party, owing to the stop, had frozen an ear, or a nose, or a few fingers or toes. Even the dogs found it too chilly to lie down for a rest, and howled to go on. So we rubbed each other well with snow, and after this massage process "dug out" as well as we could for the village of Stuyarok, about thirty-five miles above the confluence of the Mulchutna and the Nushagak. We reached this group of mud-huts

early in the afternoon, and were meek enough to accept with joy the hospitality of the one inhabited barabra. We shared this shelter with the whole population, which consisted of six individuals, and these almost starved. They had nothing to eat except the dried dog-salmon, which, unless alive with vermin, is about as dry food for the human stomach as saw-dust. Their beverage consisted of water three times a day, and, all in all, they were a most pitiable spectacle to gaze upon. Our arrival was a windfall for them, and in compas-

sion for their condition we fed them well, and paid them well—too well, in fact—for dog-fish. The first victim to succumb to the hardships of our trip was a faithful old dog, who had limped along at "the wheel" of my sled until too weak to keep up. Pelokomisok was the euphonious name inflicted upon him by the natives, and he painfully struggled along on our trail to Stuyarok, only to yield up his poor ghost shortly after having caught up with us. We had had a hot soup cooked for him, and after eating it the wolfish expression left his face; he tried, as hard as a dog can, to smile, wagged his tail feebly, and died. We replaced him with a dog from the village, giving tea, sugar, flour and bacon in exchange. But a worse fate even was in store for the new dog than that of dear old Pelokomisok.

Our evil fate still pursued us, for in Stuyarok we were snow-

Eventually even this storm had to abate, and we were able to renew our journey. We had scraped together enough dog-feed for four days—ample time, said our guide Kakwok, to take us safely to the villages on our mysterious lake. Our own stock of provisions was dwindling rapidly. We had not estimated correctly the enormous appetites which we afterward displayed, and in addition to the generous gifts of provisions made at Stuyarok we had through carelessness left behind our only can of lard and a piece of bacon. Fat is an essential for travel in cold climates, and we soon missed the two staples. However, with a good heart we went on in our projected work, and struggled monotonously with the snow-drifts. About fifty miles up the Mulchutna we left that river, keeping still more to the eastward, and ascended the Kokhtuli (Forest) River and, eventually, a subdivision again of that river, Kogiukhtuli (Swan) Creek. Both were narrow, deep beds at the bottom of valleys between mountain ranges, and were choked up with snow. Besides, these mountain torrents are so swift and turbulent that they do not freeze solid even in the coldest weather, especially because the snow bridges over the open chasms and thus forms veritable death-traps for the dogs. A man is not in danger, because his snow-shoes support him. Before we reached the head-waters of Swan Creek the second dog-victim of our search after information was claimed. He broke through the snow-layer and, falling into a chasm, was dragged under the ice and drowned before we could rescue him. And almost in sight of the water-shed separating us from the Iliamna drainage basin, number three lost his life, and that in a horrible manner.

We were slowly and painfully working our way along a narrow slough, bordered on both sides by dense willow-brush backed by the spruce forest. The silence of the ice-bound region was broken only by the grating of the sled-runners, the clapping of the snow-shoes, and the occasional call of a dog-driver;—for in traveling this way one soon falls into a stupid, machine-like motion, resulting in a condition of mental inertia. My thoughts were wandering about beloved haunts of New York on this occasion, when suddenly I saw the teams swerve sharply. Several of the dogs gave a peculiar yelp of alarm, and while some of the animals began trembling violently as if with fear, others attempted to stampede. The pace for an instant was increased, and while in that moment we all wondered, a gray flash emerged from the thicket, and an enormous timber-wolf made his appearance. We hardly had time to notice his blood-shot eyes and his cadaverous appearance before, in two strides, he had reached my sled. I thought he was aiming at me, but was unable to move with surprise at the intrusion. He did not hesitate an instant, however, but made a jump for the poor dog from Stuyarok, and tearing him out of the team as a cat would a mouse, the great beast disappeared again into the brush. Then our teams, amid tremendous howling, stampeded and ran a quarter of a mile over the roughest kind of a road before we succeeded in stopping them. Then Clark and myself, armed with a rifle and a shot-gun loaded with buck-shot, started back for the wolf's trail, which was plainly marked by his spoor and by the blood from his victim. We traveled as fast as we could inland half a mile, and must have crowded him closely, for eventually we found the half-eaten remains of the dog, still steaming. The famished wolf had literally torn him in two, and had eaten half of our poor dog in those few minutes. We gave up the chase in sorrow, and returned to the outfit.

Our dogs were in an extremely nervous condition, for there is nothing an Alaska draught-dog fears like his savage cousin, the wolf. We traveled to the foot of the "divide," and camped on the edge of the Nushagak drainage basin on the evening of February 10th. We had already traveled three days, and not being even half way to the looked-for villages, saw with dismay that our estimate of the time necessary for the portage had been ridiculously too small under the circumstances.

A. B. SCHANZ.

"ALLEGORY OF THE WAR IN SONG."

A NATION that would perpetuate itself must perpetuate the memory of its great men. The basis of all abiding national strength is found in the character and lives of the good and great. So thoroughly has this been recognized by the rulers of the Old World that no opportunity is lost to enkindle the sentiment and pride of nationality in the hearts of their subjects. To this end monuments are built; all the capitals of Europe are so many arenas in which lives of great men and careers luminous with noble deeds are commemorated in bronze and marble, challenging the admiration of all beholders. Public squares and parks are peopled with the faces of historic leaders of thought and action, and churches and palaces are crowded with effigies of those who have been conspicuous in moulding the life of the passing centuries. The art of music, too, is continually invoked to keep alive the flame of patriotism in the hearts of the people; military bands, organized and maintained at public expense, contribute daily to the popular enjoyment in places of public resort.

The people in this country are just beginning to comprehend the value of this means of national preservation. Especially at this period of our history, when we are preparing to celebrate the Columbian epoch and invite the world to inspect our resources and achievements, there would seem to be a peculiar reason why we should disprove the ancient adage that republics are ungrateful, and by such magnificent art works as our enormous wealth can easily command, honor and commemorate the illustrious departed. We should do this in justice to our own self-respect and in recognition of our responsibility to coming generations. It should never be said of this people that our honored sires from "graves forgotten stretched their dusty hands" and upbraided us with shameful neglect. We should rejoice at every opportunity which enables us to bestow just honor upon the memories of those who have helped to make this nation what it is. The erection of the great mausoleum of General Grant at Riverside affords an occasion in which the nation's gratitude may find peculiarly appropriate expression.

Everybody knows that song, as a vehicle for the expression of patriotic sentiment, has from the earliest time exerted a powerful influence upon the destinies of nations. Pindar's power over the ancient Greek ruler whom he could sway from the most tender emotion to the extreme of anger; Orpheus, whose elo-



LABRETTE.



ESQUIMAUX BUCKS, SHOWING LABRETTES.



A GROUP OF MAHEMUTE CHILDREN, ALASKA.

any civilized bore I ever heard of. "I was just about to remark that I had said all I had to say. I'm through."

In Agivavik we had some trouble taking the census, for some of the bucks, being too dull to comprehend the purpose of the questions asked, grew suspicious first and troublesome afterward, so that we had to count some of the noses, instead of enumerating according to Mr. Porter's more scientific way. At Agivavik we bought only a day's dog-fish, because we had been informed that there were more settlements to the northward. Accordingly we dug along through the snow in a tremendous blizzard, which compelled us after two days' hard work to make a camp, and keep warm for a whole day. It was February 5th before, after passing Akokhpak, the last village on the Nushagak, we reached the great tributary, the Mulchutna, and, leaving the Nushagak, kept

bound by the worst storm we had as yet experienced. We lay in the filthy mud-hut, packed together like sardines, in an atmosphere marked more by a high temperature than high purity. "Purga," the natives on the coast call such a storm as the one which howled over the landscape that day. It is a storm of high wind and intense cold, yet accompanied by a heavy fall of sharp, needle-like snow-crystals. No living being could exist an hour exposed to the full force of such a storm, and later on the trip we had to "run for it" repeatedly. During our delay at Stuyarok those who had been frost-bitten suffered intense pains, the respective parts affected beginning to blister, and in some instances to suppurate. My own nose and cheeks were disfigured by large blisters, giving me an appearance as if scalded. Mr. Clark's facial beauty was marred similarly.

quence could stir the "stones to build Troy," and similar illustrations afford beautiful testimonies of the power of music to subdue or rouse the nature of man. We all know how the Marseillaise fired the hearts of the French people a century ago. It was Abraham Lincoln who said that "The Battle Cry of Freedom" was worth more than a regiment of men to the Union cause, and "Die Wacht am Rhein" inspired the German armies to achieve the victorious results of the Franco-Prussian war. Nothing could be more appropriate than that the songs of pathos and patriotism which sprung from the loyal aspirations and loyal faith of the people during our own Civil War should be employed with a view of commemorating the lives and deeds of the brave defenders who stood for the flag in that crucial struggle.

These remarks are suggested by the recent reproduction of S. G. Pratt's "Allegory of the War in Song," which took place at Madison Square Amphitheatre, October 2d and 3d, when a massive chorus of 1,200 singers and a large orchestra composed of military bands took part in the rendition of the songs of patriotism which were so popular during the war. A brilliant military display, consisting of militia, zouaves, and army and navy veterans, under the direction of Colonel J. H. Ammon, constituted a marked feature of the occasion. The production of the allegory created tremendous enthusiasm. Perhaps the excitement reached its height when the military illustrating the "march to the front," and the veterans bearing their tattered and battle-scarred flags, appeared upon the scene.

The allegory was produced under the immediate auspices of the Grant Monument Association with a remarkable list of distinguished patronesses. Mr. Pratt was, of course, the controlling spirit, and the great success is due mainly to his skill as an organizer and his executive capacity. As a patriotic revival it will contribute, undoubtedly, to the removal of the stigma which has so long rested upon the community because of its indifference to the erection of the Grant monument. It is understood that the allegory will be presented in other cities.

THE NORTHWESTERN HARVEST-HOME FESTIVAL.

THE first Northwestern Harvest-home Festival was the most interesting, the most imposing, the most suggestive, and the most magnificent event of its kind in the history of America. There have been wondrously beautiful Mardi Gras celebrations and fêtes; there have been harvest-home celebrations in all portions of the country; there have been parades industrial, parades military, parades civic; but never has there been a parade and a festival which in such a splendidly unique manner combined them all. It was held in the city of Minneapolis on the 23d day of September, a day which will hereafter be known as one of the most memorable in the Northwesterner's calendar. The interest in this festival was at fever heat not only in this city, but all over the State and the tributary States. There were two primal causes for this interest:

1. A desire to show to the world something of the magnitude and importance not only of the city of Minneapolis, but of the resources and products of the great Northwest.

2. And, more momentous still, to acknowledge in some tangible manner the gratitude to the Giver of all for the bounty of His hand made manifest in the most wonderful harvest in all the history of the land.

Both found fitting culmination in the festival. Perhaps in no other manner could the products of the soil, the interests of common commerce, the magnitude of the manufacturing interests, and the general progress of affairs have been so clearly, so strikingly, so impressively set forth.

The idea of this harvest festival originated with Mr. E. J. Phelps, a wealthy business man of the city, and once announced, it was given hearty endorsement. The time before the date of the festival was very limited, but with a unanimity and an earnestness characteristic of the citizens of most Western cities, the business men of the city went to work. A permanent committee was organized at once, and sub-committees followed. These committees embraced the most prominent business men of the city, who, generously giving up well-nigh invaluable time, joined in earnest work for the common end. They met daily; they dispatched their business with true Western promptness; they spent no time in wrangling; they put their hands deep down in their pockets and placed thousands of dollars in the general fund for the benefit of the festival, and then they pulled off their coats and went to work. What they accomplished was demonstrated in the interesting events of Festival Day.

The parade moved at one o'clock on Wednesday, the 23d. The floats might be roughly divided into these classes: Allegorical, agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, humorous, general. The line of procession began near the foot of Nicollet Avenue, in the centre of the city, and moved up Nicollet to Tenth Street, and then to Park Avenue, where it passed through one of the fine residence portions of the city, and then back toward the centre, distributing to the right of Nicollet. An immense crowd was present. It is estimated that fully 300,000 people watched the parade. The line was between ten and fifteen miles long, and there were one thousand floats.

The streets and avenues along which the procession passed were decorated in fine harmony with the occasion. Quite naturally the prevailing colors were those of the harvest, but there was a liberal dash of red or scarlet or blue or black in nearly every float. The allegorical representations were in some cases done in living figures; in some cases there were purely pictorial scenes. In the use of the grains of the year there was much ingenuity and taste. Many of the larger business houses were literally covered with wheat. Sometimes it was placed in rows one above another about the building, bound up in bundles with showy ribbons; sometimes it was separated into broad bands and thus utilized; sometimes it was in huge shocks, but in whatever way it was treated it was strikingly beautiful. From the roofs of buildings and from house to house across the streets were festoons made of twisted wheat or oats, and occasionally a sweet, balsamic smell made you pause and look upward at a swaying emerald ribbon of evergreen, mayhap a block long. In many cases the wheat and oats were interwoven around Bible texts appropriate to the harvest time, and through-

out the whole parade and the whole festival there was the ample recognition of the Provider of all.

Eight or ten blocks from the point of starting, an enormous double arch was erected. It was covered with grains arranged in novel and artistic styles, while at the base of each of the four corner pillars were heaped up piles of humble but nevertheless beautiful vegetables. At the Tenth Street intersection of Nicollet there began a flour-barrel colonnade which attracted much attention. For a distance of eight or ten blocks flour barrels were piled into pillars at intervals of forty or fifty feet. High in the air upon each pillar was a sheaf of golden wheat, while at the base of each were three sacks of grain labeled respectively: "No. 1 Hard Minnesota," "No. 1 Hard North Dakota," "No. 1 Hard South Dakota." From the tops of the columns were festoons of white cloth which extended the whole length of the colonnade, at intervals crossing the street, the whole forming a most picturesque feature of the decorations.

Naturally enough, out of the thousand floats in the line there were many which were in the interests of trade, but very many of these were of rare beauty, even though they were built along advertising lines. The *Evening Journal*, a popular evening newspaper, had a very unique float. Printing in the earliest days was represented by an antiquated hand-press several hundred years old, while a fast perfecting press, made in exact representation of the great presses of the day, occupied another portion of the float. Fourteen ponies, attended by richly-suited boys, drew the float. The body of the float was in deep red. A noble eagle surmounted the top. Before the float marched a band dressed in rich garb, while a chorus of boys from the surplised choirs of the city, wearing gay-colored troubadour suits, acted as escorts, singing at intervals as only trained choir-boys can sing.

Immense golden cubes represented the values of various resources and various commercial transactions of the year. The cubes were made so that the value of a given product was represented in their immense bulk. It was shown that the wheat crop of Minnesota and the two Dakotas this year amounts to 160,000,000 bushels; the oat crop, 116,000,000; the corn, 31,000,000. The other small grains, as rye, barley, and the like, with the vegetables raised, represented a value nearly equal to the value of the wheat, corn, and oats. A golden elevator, complete in all its details, was mounted upon a float. It was



MR. GEORGE A. BRACKETT, PRESIDENT PERMANENT HARVEST FESTIVAL COMMITTEE.

fifteen feet in height and represented what the value of the 1891 products of Minnesota would be if placed in solid gold.

In one float rode a number of old settlers, among them Colonel J. H. Stevens, the first white settler of Minnesota.

The lumber and flour interests were appropriately shown. The lumber floats were especially interesting. One firm had a team of sixty horses drawing a great pile of sawn lumber which was decked out with many flags. A complete logging-camp on wheels was the float proper of the lumbermen. It was just such a camp as may be seen in a thousand places in northern Minnesota during the long winter months. Clever devices were employed to make it look as though log-piles, cabin-tops, and trees were deep in the winter's snow. The clearings of the city of Minneapolis for the year ending September 15th, 1891, \$350,000,000, were appropriately shown. It would be impossible to even name in an article of this length all the floats, to say nothing of giving a description of them.

On the morning of the festival day religious services were held in the Grand Opera House, one of the largest auditoriums in the city. It was packed to the doors. These exercises were full of Christian cosmopolitanism. There was no show of sect, but everywhere there was catholicity. The only denomination of any importance not joining in the service were the Catholics, and they held a service of their own which was largely attended. At the opera house there was much harvest-festival music sung by large choirs and by the vast audience; there was responsive reading in which a Jewish Rabbi, an Episcopalian, a Universalist, and a Free Baptist joined successively in leading the congregation, and then came short, powerful addresses. One was by Dr. O. H. Tiffany, one of the most prominent Methodist ministers in the United States, at present located in this city; another by the Rev. Smith Baker, one of the foremost of Congregationalists East or West; another was by Professor Tousey, a well-known educator of this city, and the last by Dr. Wayland Hoyt of the First Baptist Church, who in his address again proved himself one of the leading pulpit orators of any denomination. While the addresses were all of a religious nature, all in the line of thanksgiving to God, yet there was not lacking pronounced applause in the big auditorium as the speakers made their points. Heartier applause never greeted the many famous men and women who have held the same stage. In this manner did the

people remember that which Dr. Hoyt denominated their duty to Him who provided all. It was a most fitting and a most memorable occasion.

This harvest festival has not only been of value to Minneapolis in showing her great commercial growth and importance; it has not only aided the whole Northwest in attracting national attention to her wonderful resources, but it has been a significant recognition of the providence of God shown in the most bountiful harvest in the history of this portion of the continent.

W. S. HARWOOD.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., September 25th, 1891.

WALL STREET.—"ADVERSE INFLUENCES."

WHEN I said in my letter of last week that any extraordinary cause might affect the market and lead to a revulsion, I did not contemplate such a thing as the postponement of the dividend of the Missouri Pacific in these prosperous times, a road which, during all the dull season, succeeded in paying four per cent. with great regularity. But now that the market has suffered by this manoeuvre, my readers will comprehend why I have been so urgent again and again that they should buy nothing on a margin. Suppose that some one had Missouri Pacific stock on a ten per cent. margin. When this crash came, his margin would have been wiped out and lost just as effectually as if he had staked it on the wrong card at the faro-table. I again say to my readers that it is safer to buy less of anything and to pay for it in full, or nearly in full, than to run the risk of ruin by speculating on a narrow margin or, in fact, on any margin. Take a sure thing always, and leave the chances to gamblers.

No doubt the recent depressing influences on the Street will be felt for a short time. Ordinarily they would lead to a dull market, and if this dullness were protracted there would be a general decline all round. But I advise my readers, if there is any such decline, not to hesitate to pick up the bargains that will be found in stocks. So eminent an authority as Mr. Russell Sage tells me that Missouri Pacific is a purchase at any such price as it has been selling at. I am told that he has himself been a purchaser, and that his friends picked up a quantity of the stock around 62 and 63. But I am too old to believe all I hear on Wall Street.

The flurry in Union Pacific is only what I expected. I have the best authority for believing that Mr. Gould did not know how bad the condition of that property was when he took it out of the hands of Mr. Adams. I know at that time Mr. Sage did not care to go into Union Pacific at all, and said that it were left in Mr. Adams's hands its utter bankruptcy would be quickly revealed to the public. It was then told that its floating debt was about \$10,000,000. All of a sudden we find that its floating debt is put at \$19,000,000.

The fact is that nobody—not even Mr. Gould when he bought it, not even Mr. Adams when he sold it—knew the state of the balance-sheet of the road. It had no balance-sheet. The books were full of open accounts with nearly \$2,000,000 due for new cars and equipment and debts extending in all directions, some settled and some in inextricable confusion. I think it will be a long time before the Union Pacific will pay dividends. It is too heavily loaded, though speculation may move it upward, particularly if the Vanderbilt influences are identified with it.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 26TH. *Jasper*.—Cincinnati and Muskingum Valley first mortgage seven are in default of interest for several years, they having paid coupons for twelve years. Will you kindly state in next issue what the prospects are for resumption, and advise an anxious holder, who seems unable to obtain satisfactory information, the best disposition to make of them.

C. L.

The history of the Cincinnati and Muskingum Valley Railroad is one of vicissitudes. It was built in 1857, foreclosed in 1863, reorganized the following year, foreclosed again in 1869, reorganized in 1870, and I would not wonder if it were getting ready for another reorganization, for, according to the report of last year its net earnings were only \$61,500, while its interest charges footed up \$105,000, hire of equipment and other expenses \$31,000 more, making a total of \$136,000, and a deficit of \$74,000. The road runs for one hundred and forty-eight miles, and it has only one director from New York City, so that little is known about it here. I think its future is far from promising, as it has no advantageous connections in sight.

ELMIRA, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 24TH. *Jasper*.—Please give me your views as to Missouri, Kansas and Texas four per cent. first mortgage bonds as a permanent investment, and what do you think is the prospect for an advance over present prices? Of the two bonds, which is the best and safest to hold? I am informed that the Missouri, Kansas and Texas guarantee the interest on the Kansas City and Pacific bonds. How is this?

ELMIRA.

"Elmira" has correctly stated the case. The interest on the Kansas City and Pacific fours is guaranteed by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, which has leased the former road for 999 years. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas sells, at this writing, at 78, while the Kansas City and Pacific fours sell at about 71. The difference in price shows that experienced investors prefer Missouri, Kansas and Texas fours to the Kansas City and Pacific. It must be borne in mind that only the interest, not the principal, is guaranteed. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas has leased the other road, and I have known such a thing as having a lease annulled or evaded. I think the safer security of the two, even at existing prices, is found in the Missouri, Kansas and Texas fours.

HAVERHILL, MASS., SEPTEMBER 26TH. *Jasper*.—In your last you speak of "adverse influences—signs of which I see in several directions—will 'bear' the market." Will you kindly instruct us in these directions, for we are as desirous of learning fundamental principles as of special investments or speculations.

W. H. D.

The "adverse influences" I spoke of related to the money market and to my suspicion that the Goulds—as evidenced by the action of their stocks—were on the short side of the market. They may be there yet for all I know, but the market seems strong enough to overcome even the opposition of the Goulds; and it is not unlikely that, having covered their shorts and taken in a line of stocks, the Goulds may suddenly appear as rampant bulls. If there is any money in it, they will surely do so, and the money just now seems to be on the long side of the market. Failures or the raising of the rate of interest to an abnormal figure might injure the market; but the general feeling on the Street is that we are to have a considerable rise before New Year's, perhaps before Thanksgiving. Adverse influences are still in sight. It is not a healthful sign that the Atchison has asked the holders of its guarantee-fund mortgage six-per-cent. notes, amounting to \$9,000,000 and falling due November 1st, to renew them for two years longer. This request is coupled with an offer to the holders of a cash commission of one per cent. Suppose this offer is refused? Then another syndicate must be organized to take care of the notes, precisely like the syndicate which has just saved the Union Pacific from a crash which would have overwhelmed Wall Street and possibly led to another Black Friday.

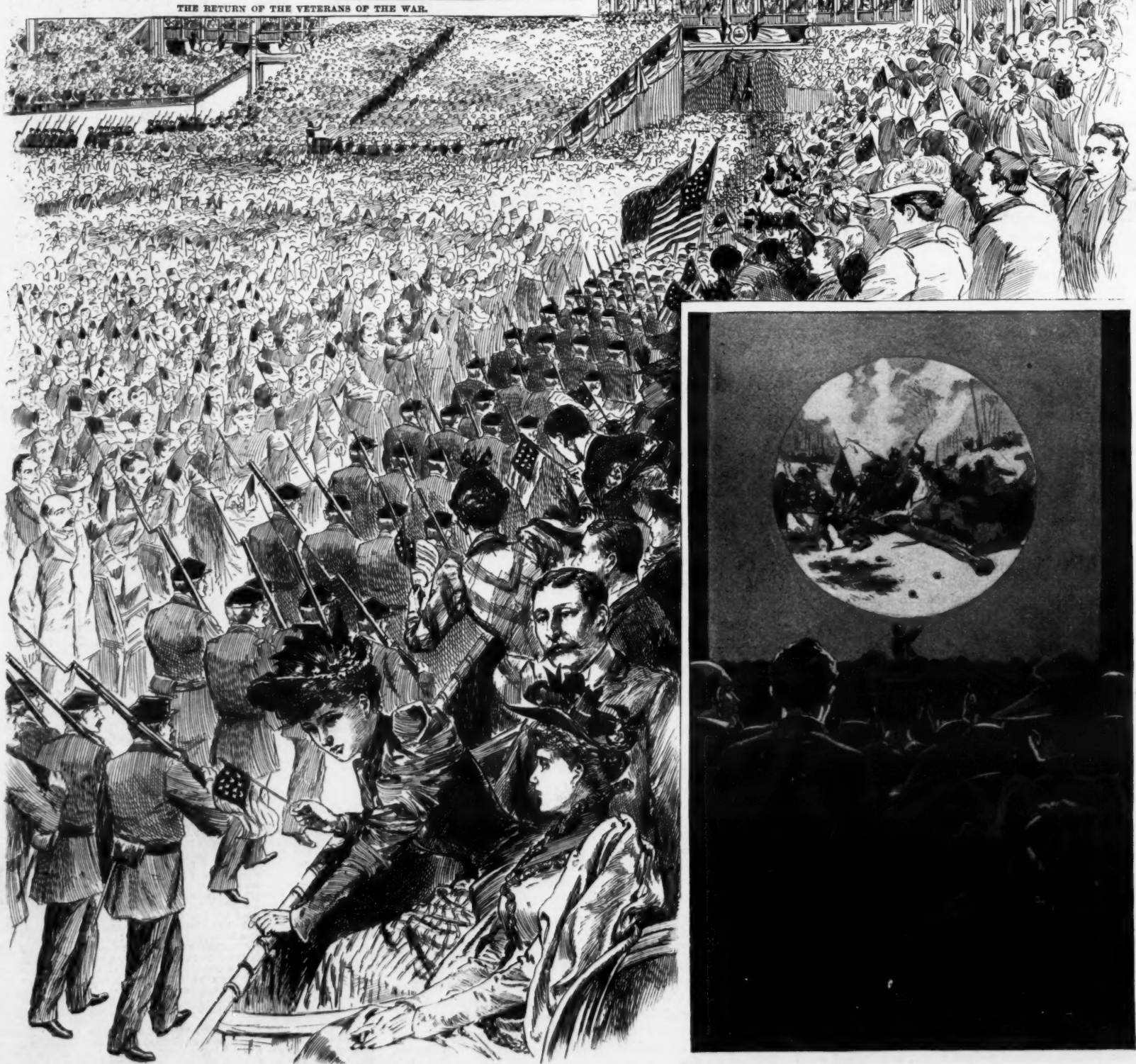
"C. E. W." of Kahokia, Mo., wants information from "Jasper" regarding John Alden, a publisher of New York, and whether his co-operative bonds are a good investment.—Ans. I know nothing about Mr. Alden's affairs, as Wall Street has nothing to do with them. I would advise "C. E. W." to consult some commercial agency. I think he will have no difficulty in getting an answer.

"H. C." of New York, and "N. B. T." of Cincinnati, ask information regarding the Ontario and Western. I answer that it is one of the speculative stocks that has been very cleverly manipulated in the past. On a rising market it is good for a rapid advance. I do not think the stock has much, if any, intrinsic value.

JASPER.



THE RETURN OF THE VETERANS OF THE WAR.



THE MARCH TO THE FRONT IN 1861.



GENERAL GRANT AT SHILOH.

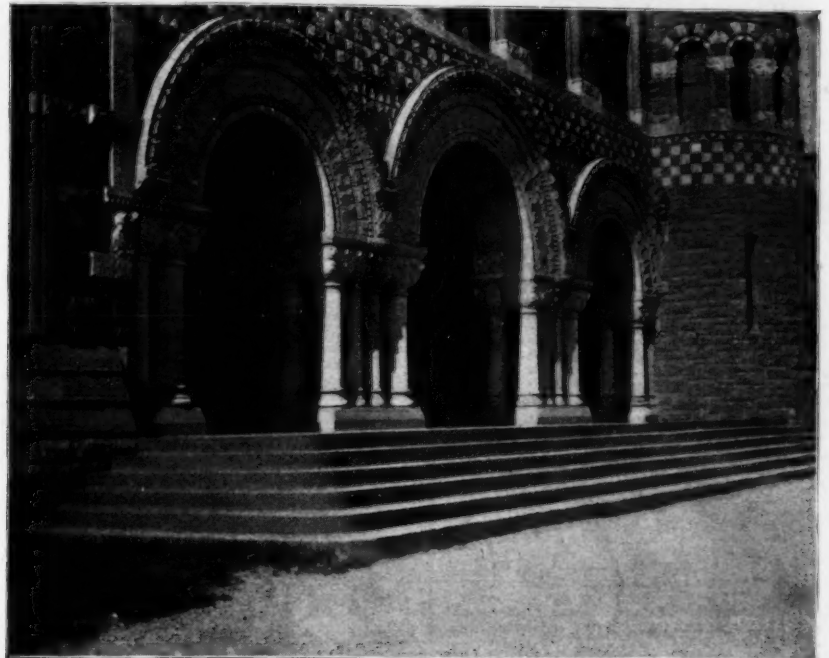
THE PRODUCTION OF THE "ALLEGORY OF THE WAR IN SONG," AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, OCTOBER 2D AND 3D, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE GRANT MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.—DRAWN BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 156.]



THE OLD APPLE-TREE: PHOTO BY F. J. WHITNEY, BOSTON.



A GOOD STORY: PHOTO BY ELLA F. FARRINGTON, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

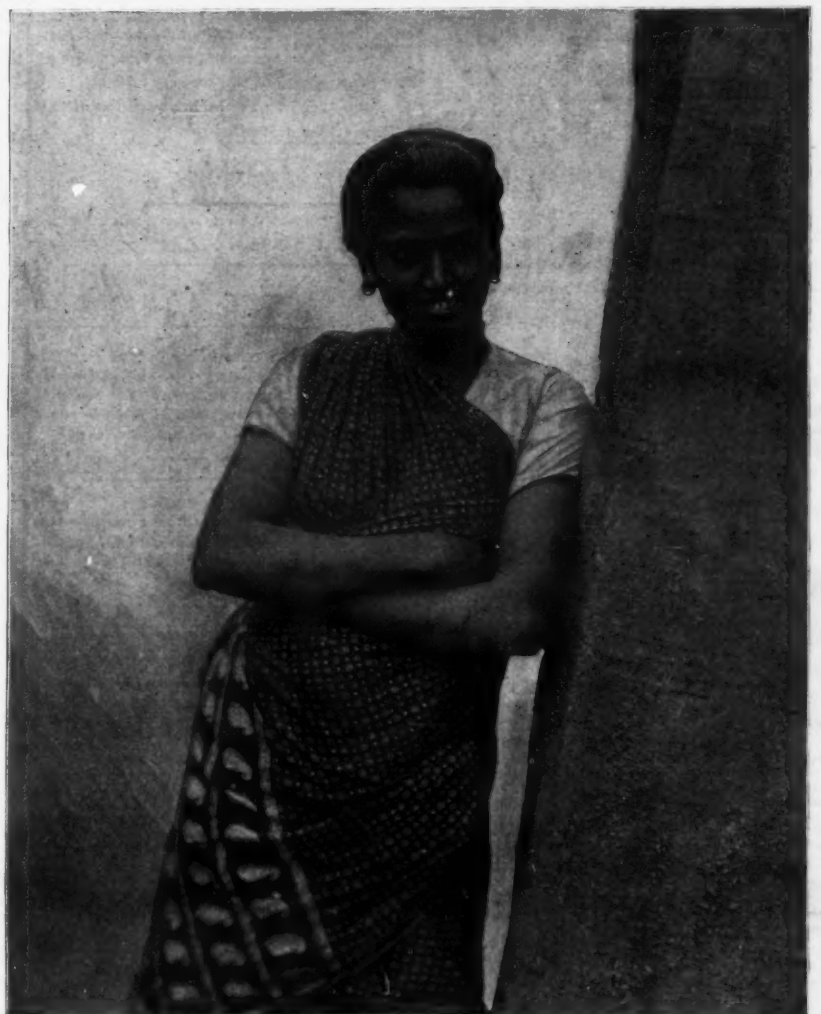


THE ARCHES, HARVARD LAW SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE: PHOTO BY W. W. DUNN, BOSTON.

OUR THIRD AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.—SPECIMENS OF THE PICTURES SUBMITTED IN COMPETITION.



A CINGALESE GIRL.



A TAMIL GIRL.

TYPES OF CEYLON WOMEN.—FROM PHOTOS SUPPLIED BY THE CEYLON PLANTERS' TEA COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 153.]

THE picture of a recent railroad wreck at Jefferson, Ohio, was from a photograph by Mr. S. W. Henson, of Elvira, to whom credit should have been given rather than to the correspondent who furnished it.

A REVOLUTION IN FURNITURE.

THE Gunn Folding Bed Co., of Grand Rapids, Mich., have just invented and placed on the market a line of furniture that for economy of space, utility and convenience, is destined to revolutionize the furniture trade.

The piece consists of a folding bed, in front of which is a cabinet, with anti-friction rollers, mounted on a concealed track, which can be extended to carry the cabinet free from the carpet to right or left of the bed when open. The fronts by this novel arrangement always remain upright and in the most convenient position possible. When the piece is closed for day use the cabinet is easily moved in front of the closed-up bed, completely concealing the fact of a folding bed being in the room. The cabinets or fronts are made in various styles, consisting of wardrobes, dressers, washstands, chiffoniers, writing desks, bookcases, sideboards and hall-trees, or a combination of three or more pieces in one. In fact, some are entire chamber suits in one piece, occupying no more space than an ordinary folding bed. The bed is very nicely balanced with only forty pounds of weights, and is perfectly safe, as it is impossible to tip over or close up except when desired. The company have built and equipped one of the finest factories in Grand Rapids for the manufacture of this new departure in furniture, and are already crowded with orders.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

TWO HUNDRED dollars in prizes are offered by Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., for the best designs to be used in advertising Dr. Miles' Nervine and New Heart Cure. The contest is open to all. "Rules and Points" will be mailed free to any one who writes for same to the above firm.

CAN YOU DRESS A DOLL?

THE Queen wishes a large number of dolls dressed for its poor children's Christmas tree for 1891, and in order to interest girls and young ladies to assist in this work, they offer a prize doll competition to those who dress a doll for the purpose. This competition is open to girls under sixteen years of age residing in Canada or the United States, duplicate prizes being given for each country. The Queen furnishes the dolls, charges prepaid. They are to be dressed and returned before December 1st, 1891.

The cash prizes of each, \$50, \$25 and \$12, and many other prizes of value, will be given for the best-dressed dolls, according to merit. Send fifteen two-cent stamps and receive, charges prepaid, one full-bodied imported doll, a lithograph plate illustrating ten dressed dolls in colors, and three months' trial subscription to *The Queen*.

The Queen is Canada's popular family magazine. It is a large 48-page monthly publication, devoted to ladies and the family circle. It has more than double the circulation of any other publication in Canada. Subscription price, only \$1 a year. Address, *The Canadian Queen*, 55 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

WHAT is more attractive than a pretty face with a fresh, bright complexion? For it, use Pozzoni's Powder.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—The Standard of the World.

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker, at 50 Broadway, New York, says: "The market maintains great strength under all the disquieting rumors. Crop prospects are bright and railroad earnings must improve."

If you suffer from looseness of bowels, or fever and ague, Angostura Bitters will cure you.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cents a bottle.

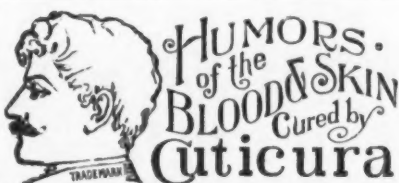
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

If you have a
COLD or COUGH,
acute or leading to
CONSUMPTION,
SCOTT'S
EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA

IS SURE CURE FOR IT.
This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and fine Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Used by physicians all the world over. It is as palatable as milk. Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis, CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.



HUMORS OF THE BLOOD & SKIN Cured by Cuticura
HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN, AND SCALP, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined.
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by F. O. & C. Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."
Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.
Backache, kidney pains, weakness, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

Leaves a Delicate and Lasting Odor After Using.
If unable to procure SHANDON BELLS SOAP send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.
SPECIAL.—Shandon Bells Waits (the popular Society Waits) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.
Send 10c in stamps for sample bottle Shandon Bells Perfume.



YEARS ago disgusting lotions and poisonous compounds were largely used by ladies. But a new era dawned upon the Social World when the Rev. A. A. Constantine returned from his missionary labors in Africa, bringing with him a knowledge of the healing arts of the natives of that country. The result was the introduction of the now world-renowned

Constantine's Persian Healing Pine Tar Soap.

As a cleansing agent this Potent Beautifier of the skin is a surprise to all. Pimples and Blotches vanish before it; the Scalp is freed from Dandruff; the Hands become soft and delicate; the Lips assume the

RUDDY GLOW OF HEALTH.

The Teeth are made Snowy White; there is a rich odor of perfume about the breath; in fact, every young lady who uses this Great Original Pine Tar Soap has the proud satisfaction of knowing that it has made her

SUPERLATIVELY BEAUTIFUL.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED
Largest **BICYCLE** Establishment in the World.
50 STYLES, WITH
PNEUMATIC TIRES. Highest
Finish, Best Materials and Workmanship. Prices unparalleled.
Diamond Frame for Gents. Drop Frame for Ladies or Gents.
Catalogue free. For Agents Terms, etc., send 10c. in stamps.
LUBING BFG. CO. 321, 323 & 325 N. 9th St. Phila. Pa.

A GROWING TEXAS CITY.

THE growth of Sherman, one of the most beautiful and prosperous cities of Texas, has been noticed before in these columns. Sherman is noted for the excellence of its banking facilities and one of the best of its banks is the City Bank. It was organized in 1872 under a special act of the Legislature, and has a charter good for fifty years and of much value, as the law authorizing the organization of State banks in Texas was repealed some years ago. Under its charter the City Bank is empowered to open additional banks anywhere in the State, with powers and privileges equal to its own. The City Bank of Whitesboro and the City Bank of Van Alstyne were organized under this charter. With all its privileges, and with a very enterprising management, the City Bank has had great growth and developed into an institution of metropolitan dimensions. It reported at the close of last year discounts aggregating over \$433,000, real estate over \$50,000, bonds, stocks and warrants over \$64,000, due from other banks, \$76,000, and cash on hand over \$127,000. Its capital is \$300,000, surplus \$30,000, and its deposits \$387,000. It has one of Herring's perfect burglar and fire-proof vaults—the only one in northern Texas outside of Dallas. It is fitted up with safety-deposit boxes to be rented. Over nine-tenths of its stock is owned by citizens of Grayson County, Texas, and the list of stockholders comprises nearly two hundred of the most prominent farmers, mechanics, merchants, stockmen, capitalists, and bankers in northern Texas. The directors include a number of gentlemen well known in the financial and business circles of Texas, including Joseph Bledsoe, J. W. Levy, A. W. Ryers, A. Fulton, S. E. Elliot, C. B. Wanderlohr, H. L. Hall, J. R. Cole, and W. H. Bean.

IMPORTANT CHANGES.

THE Double Service of the Fall River Line will be discontinued after this week; the *Pilgrim* and *Providence* remaining in commission. Commencing September 27th, steamers will leave New York, week days and Sundays, at 5 p. m., connecting at Fall River with Pullman Vestibuled trains for Boston. Express trains are run from the steamer landing at Fall River to all other points on the Old Colony System and in connection with trains for all points east of Boston.

A general reduction of fares by this route will go into effect on the 1st of October.
The steamers of this line touch at Newport in each direction between New York and Fall River throughout the year.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE
AUTOGRAF OF
Stewart Hartshorn
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

MONEY made rapidly selling the "NEW MODEL HALL TYPE WRITER." Agents allowed better commissions than any ever before offered by a standard company. Sell a useful article, please everybody and make money yourself. It will pay you to address N. TYPEWRITER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Major's Cement
for repairing china, glassware, furniture, vases, toys, meerschaum, books, tipping billiard cues, etc., 15 and 25 Cts. Major's Leather and Rubber Cement, 15 Cents. Major's best Liquid Glue, for repairing wood, 10 cents.
A. MAJOR,
223 William St., New York City.
For sale by all dealers.

Arnold, Constable & Co.
SILK NOVELTIES.

Plain and Fancy Veloutines, Failles, Pompadours in black and colored grounds. White and Colored Brocades in metal effects. White Satins, Brocades and Failles for Wedding Dress.

Embroidered Crepe de Chine and Mousseline de Soie.

CREPON AND GAZE FOR EVENING WEAR.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

PRINCESS OF WALES



TOILET REQUISITES.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH for the hair. In bottles, \$1.

Prepared and sent upon receipt of price by

R. T. BELLCHAMBERS,
Importer of Fine Human Hair Goods,
317 Sixth Avenue, New York.

Harderfold
Hygienic Underwear.
Ventilated Inter-Air-Space Clothing.
Adapted to all climates and all variations of temperature. Sold by leading merchants in all principal cities. Illustrated catalogue mailed free on application to
HARDERFOLD FABRIC CO., TROY, N. Y.
Mention this Magazine.

Warren THE WARREN HOSE SUPPORTER FASTENER HAS ROUNDED HOLDING EDGES, AND CANNOT CUT THE STOCKING. ALL OTHERS ARE SO CONSTRUCTED THAT THEY MUST CUT IT. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

MADE FROM THE BEST OF WEBS METAL TRIMMINGS WARRANTED NOT TO RUST ALL PARTS DOUBLE STITCHED
RESEMBLING THE WARREN IN GENERAL APPEARANCE. DEMAND THE GENUINE WHICH IS STAMPED "WARREN" AS SHOWN ON CUT.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
MADE BY
Geo. Frost & Co., Boston.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP
For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 30 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated, on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 50c.; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Indurated and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, etc., removed.
JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open a.m. to 5 p.m.

LADY AGENTS \$5 a day SURE; new rubber undergarment. Mrs. N. B. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

The Manhattan
Life Ins. Co.

INCORPORATED - 1850 - NEW YORK.

Have you written **LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, BANKER AND BROKER, 50 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,** for his circular?

The Cure For

Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of royalty. To-day, many grateful people know that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alternative extirpates "the evil" by thoroughly eliminating all the strumous poison from the blood. Consumption, catarrh, and various other physical as well as mental maladies, have their origin in

SCROFULA

When hereditary, this disease manifests itself in childhood by glandular swellings, running sores, swollen joints, and general feebleness of body. Administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla on appearance of the first symptoms.

"My little girl was troubled with a painful scrofulous swelling under one of her arms. The physician being unable to effect a cure, I gave her one bottle of

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."—W. F. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va.

"I was cured of scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—J. C. Berry, Deerfield, Mo.

"I was troubled with a sore hand for over two years. Being assured the case was scrofula, I took six bottles of Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

and was cured."—H. Hinkins, Riverton, Neb.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD,



ONLY TRUNK LINE

Entering the City of New York.

All trains arrive at and depart from

GRAND CENTRAL STATION,

42d Street and Fourth Ave., New York.



GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

ENTIRE NEW DEPARTMENT. HANDSOME PRESENT TO EVERY CUSTOMER. Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated TEAS, COFFEES, and BAKING POWDER, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Caster, or Webster's Dictionary. 3 1/2 lbs. Fine Tea by Mail on receipt of \$2.00 and this "ad."

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

P. O. Box 289. 81 and 83 Vesey St., New York.

TAMAR

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

INDIEN

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

GRILLON

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

BOTTLED

Electricity cures Catarrh, Colds, etc. Address, LITTLE & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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Address, LITTLE & Co., Chicago, Ill.

A MAGNIFICENT BANK.

AMERICAN travelers abroad have often heard boasts of the magnificence of foreign banking institutions; but New-Yorkers are about to have the pleasure of seeing probably the handsomest banking establishment in the world planted in the handsomest hotel in the United States. The newly organized Plaza Bank of New York has secured quarters in the Plaza Hotel, opposite Central Park, and the banking parlors when completed will be wonderfully unique and artistic. Scores of artists are hurrying along the work.

LADIES

Who Value a Refined Complexion

MUST USE

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

It imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft and beautiful. It contains no lime, white lead or arsenic. In three shades: pink or peach, white and brunette.

FOR SALE BY

All Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

NEW NIGHT LINE BOSTON

Brooklyn and Long Island City.

LIMITED TICKETS, \$5.00.

The only Line running Solid Pullman Vestibuled Trains

BETWEEN THE ABOVE POINTS VIA

LONG ISLAND AND EASTERN STATES LINE.

On and after Monday, Sept. 21st, a new night train with Pullman Sleepers and Coaches will leave depot, foot of Summer Street, Boston, at 11 p. m., week days and Sundays, for Brooklyn (Flatbush Avenue Station) Long Island R.R., and for Long Island City, due at 7 A. M. Returning, leaves same stations at 11 P. M., week days and Sundays, due Boston 7 A. M.

These trains will be furnished with new Pullman Sleepers, elegant new Coaches and Baggage Cars. The route is via New York & New England R. R. to Hawleyville, Housatonic System to Wilson's Point, Transfer Steamer Cape Charles to Oyster Bay, Long Island R.R. to Brooklyn (Flatbush Avenue Station) and Long Island City.

At Oyster Bay, east-bound, and Wilson's Point, west-bound, the entire train is run aboard the immense transfer steamer Cape Charles. This steamer is well known, having run on the Chesapeake Bay in the service of the Pennsylvania system.

The run across the Sound is made in 45 minutes.

Trains arrive at Brooklyn, Flatbush Avenue Station, L. I. R. R., and connect with Brooklyn Bridge, via Elevated Railroad, and also with Fulton, Wall and South Ferries via surface cars, also at Long Island City Station with East 34th Street Ferry for New York. Twenty-five minutes to Fifth Avenue Hotel.

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